

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget
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newspaper.

DECEMBER 3, 1949

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The art
of
FINEY
Pages 8 and 9

Dominique and Denise from PARIS

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Patolaine

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You have seen and read so much about these famous French mannequins who were here a short time ago. On this page these charming visitors model a selected few of the many new creations by Patolaine. Wherever you shop you will find a wide selection of delightful Patolaine nighties, pyjamas, slips, vests, panties, scanties, trousseau sets and negligees. Ask to see the Patolaine range. It will help you in selecting a dainty 'something' as a really intimate, beautiful and very welcome Christmas present.



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Here is Denise in the floral 'Celanese' Patolaine nightie. She is shown wearing in the big picture above. These are in knitted fabric featuring an all-over lace panel at waist and lace insets on the shoulders.



In the picture above, Dominique appears in a Patolaine Rosebloom nightie, made of knitted glove silk and with a hand-painted floral design on panel at waist. Full flare skirt is pleated into panel.

P.S.

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Home is the Sailor

Part one of a lively
two-part romantic serial

By DOROTHY BLACK

MR. ANDREW CRICHTON threw the letter angrily on to the breakfast table. "Really, Dilys, this is the last straw!" he said. "This is too much! Are we never to get any peace?" He glared at his wife, but that didn't mean anything. He knew it wasn't her fault.

"Darling, I know. I know." She was smiling back at him apologetically. "I'm frightfully sorry. It was the war made Mother so queer."

"Your mother was queer a long time before the war, and well you know it."

"Well, it was the war before, then!"

"It was even before that war. Didn't she take you all over France, by canoe, with that odd woman you told me about who ended up in an asylum, and quite rightly, as far as I can make out?"

"Yes, Mother said she had a noble face!"

"Sooner or later your mother will land herself in Queer Street. One of these lame dogs she picks up will turn out to be a murderer. It's bound to happen. And I can even tell you what she will say. She will say 'He looked such a gentleman!'"

"Yes, I know she will!" Mrs. Crichton nodded, with a sympathetic little sigh.

She went on thoughtfully: "I remember that canoe as if it were yesterday. We had to carry it on our shoulders through villages. It created a great sensation. We leaned it up against cathedral doors when Miss Pussy Willow—that was the mad woman's name—had to go and pray. She prayed, I remember, at all hours. Aloud. Oh, dear, what fun it all was!"

"People," said Andrew, "have different ideas of fun."

"We got into the most frightful fixes. And we had no money. But Mother always managed somehow. She was wonderful!"

"I expect she went out and picked locks and cracked cribs when you were innocently in bed," Andrew said dryly.

"Oh, no, darling. I don't think she did that!" said his wife, but without any great conviction. "We were always being arrested on frontiers, but in the end they always let Mother go."

"That I can well understand," said Andrew, unkindly. "Your mother's organising ability is bad enough now. What it must have been like twenty-five years ago, I shudder to contemplate."

"You know you like her, really. And after all, the odd upbringing I had never did me any harm."

He kissed her. "No. You're a nice girl."

"And surely," said Dilys, pushing her advantage, "it is better than just sitting about; being a professional widow; expecting us to visit her on Sundays when we want to do something else. I am sure lots of men would be very glad not to know where their mother-in-laws are from one day to another."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 3, 1949

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John Mills

Inside and Out.



HOMES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA ARE FITTED WITH "Aberdeen" BLINDS



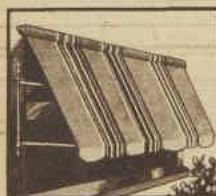
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ANDREW said haughtily: "I have no objection to your mother going where she likes, when she likes. But I wish she would not take my daughter along with her. Just when Susan should be studying hard, and preparing to take her School Certificate. Listen to this!"

He held the letter at arm's length, the way he always had to when he wanted to read something and was too proud to get out his glasses.

"appeared in a dinghy," he read aloud, "and removed her without asking permission. Miss Turnbull, who perceived what was occurring, ran out . . . He broke off, to eye his wife indignantly.

"What are you laughing about?" he demanded.

"Miss Turnbull running out. I'm very sorry, darling, but I keep on seeing it so clearly. Mother in dungarees and with her grey locks blowing. Looking like Paderewski!"

"An old pirate. That's what she is. Near her sixties, and here, there and everywhere in a yacht!"

"Darling, remember she didn't buy the yacht. It was left to her . . . by some old beau or other. Mother always had lots of beaux."

"And tore them apart when she'd finished with them, like the Queen Bee. I can see her doing it. Why can't she settle down and live in a private hotel like anyone else of her age? Though I must say I can't picture your mother in a private hotel."

"I can, darling, only I can't picture anyone else staying in it with her."

"It's maddening," Andrew frowned. "Just when Susan, who will have to earn her own living, ought to be getting educated."

"Perhaps she is, Andrew! I know I learned a lot, going about the way we did. Do you remember the time Mother adopted that Spanish boy? He was so handsome. He had the most wonderful soft husky voice."

"Was that the one who turned out to be an escaped convict with a record enough to turn your hair grey, and enough cocaine in his possession to drug the whole British Navy, which caused a little confusion in the Customs?"

"Yes. It taught me not to trust handsome men with low husky voices, darling."

Andrew flung the letter down, then growled: "I suppose we shall have to try to find another school for Susan. Far inland!"

"It won't be any use. Mother will simply buy a caravan. You know what she is. She is besotted about Susan. She thinks Susan is herself over again and is determined she must never be thwarted, held down, or frustrated in any way."

Andrew glared at her.

"So, whenever Susan is made to work, or told to do something she does not want to do, she sends a telegram to her grandmother, who arrives looking like one of the less reputable and part-worn conductors of a seaside orchestra . . . and takes her away."

Then he had to laugh. They always had to laugh. There was no getting away from it. Mrs. Parminter did look like the leader of the band!

"I always thought," Andrew went on, "that grandmothers were helpful. The whole trouble came when women put on pants. The moment women got into pants, and discovered how fast they could get around and all they could do in a day, nothing could hold them. Bang went their mystery and their frailty."

He seemed pleased with this idea.

"Women," he continued vehemently, "are better frail. They are better frail and impeded with crinolines, their waists constricted, their feet squeezed into mutilating shoes, their spheres of activity strictly limited. Our great-grandparents knew what they were about, and three cheers for the Heathen Chinee!"

Dilys was unmoved by her husband's outburst.

Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 3

"I know, Andrew. I know," she said gently. "There is a lot in what you say. But what are we going to do?"

He stopped suddenly and looked at her.

"I have just had an idea. Nothing!"

"Nothing?" Dilys stared at him, and he nodded, pleased with himself.

"You say you have no maternal qualms when your daughter is around with that crazy old woman, your mother," he said. "Very well. Let's try something new. We'll ignore the whole affair. Perhaps if we make no fuss and no effort to find them or get her back, Mother will think twice before she does the same thing again."

He waved an airy hand as Dilys tried to interrupt.

"She likes to have Susan with her for a week or so. Perhaps she won't feel quite so enthusiastic if she begins to suspect we're going to leave the girl with her for ever. Perhaps that will bring your mother to her senses."

GAZING in admiration at her grandmother, Susan said, "Darling, you really are wonderful. I knew you'd come, I really couldn't bear that place another moment. I'm not the scholastic type."

"There'll be an awful row," said Mrs. Parminter doubtfully. She rowed, pulling the dinghy out to the white yacht that lay in the estuary. "I'd forgotten you were supposed to be taking your Matric. again."

"Again is the word! And anyhow, you know I shall never pass. Oh dear, this is too lovely for words. A sailor's, a sailor's life . . . a sailor's life for me."

They looked at one another, laughing. There was an odd likeness between them. They were both slender and tall, but Mrs. Parminter looked weatherbeaten, and her thick curls were dishevelled and grey.

"You're a naughty girl, and you know it. But I'm very glad to see you again. You've grown. You've grown amazingly. I tell you what we'll do. We'll take the yacht round to Salcombe and telephone from there."

"I've no luggage."

"You can borrow from me. You can easily wear my things. I'd no

idea I'd find you so grown up. How old are you?"

"Seventeen last Christmas. Don't pretend you don't know, either."

"The way time passes. Heigh-ho! Now look at her; doesn't she look smart?"

"She" was forty foot of new white paint and shining brass, schooner rigged, with auxiliary engines. She flew a small flag which Mrs. Parminter herself had invented in a fanciful moment. A handsome blue flower on a white background.

The place where her name, "Morning Glory," should have been was all smooth and white, and now awaited the lettering.

"She's wonderful," Susan said eagerly. "You've had her repainted. But where is her name?"

"I hadn't intended taking her out for another week, but when your wire came I ran for it. She wasn't quite finished."

"Who have you got as crew?" Susan asked.

"My dear, I was coming to that. An ex-naval man who handles her most beautifully. He's had her in dock while I was in London and seen to painting and victualling her himself. There's nothing he doesn't know about a boat. Just the sort of man I wanted."

She smiled with satisfaction.

"I met him quite by chance, in a railway carriage coming down from Portsmouth. He was absolutely down and out, and didn't know where his next meal was coming from, so you can imagine how pleased he was."

Susan laughed happily. She had heard the same tale so often. Mrs. Parminter found it practically impossible to abstain from playing the role of Providence.

"He lost everything in an accident," Mrs. Parminter concluded. "His wife, his wallet, and all his papers."

"Oh, Louise, what a darling you are! How glad I am I haven't got an ordinary grandmother."

Susan stood up and caught the gangway with a boathook, with a Sea Rover's neat efficiency. She made the dinghy fast with the right knot.

"They certainly taught you something on those summer trips," said Mrs. Parminter. "We'll have a cup of tea while Tonks takes her out. That's his name, dear. Kipper Tonks. Yes, it is a bit extraordinary, but still . . ." She broke off.

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RIVETS



EVEN as they came down the stairs the words were buzzing around and around in his head: "Kill George Ryan, kill George Ryan."

The floor manager came over and took them to their table. "Good morning, Mr. Ryan," he said.

They sat down. George Ryan said: "Nice place this, Dick. Nice and quiet."

He nodded. He tried to force a grin.

George picked up the menu. "There's a special dish they have here," he said. "You'll like it." He ordered for both of them.

That was another thing about George Ryan. He was so suave, so confident, so sure of himself. Maybe he hated him for that, too.

There was a band playing, and there was a girl singing. The band seemed tired. The girl was a tall blonde. She was wearing an elaborately trimmed off-the-shoulder black dress, and she had faint circles under her eyes. She seemed tired, too.

The phrase in his head seemed to spin around and keep time with the tune. "Kill George Ryan, kill George Ryan."

The blonde was singing "Night and Day." She held the microphone with one hand. Her lips were almost touching it. She poured the words into it, and they drooled out of the amplifiers like slowly running, warm honey.

"Kill George Ryan." When you hated a man you usually feared him.

Did he fear George Ryan? Maybe.

When you feared a man you usually envied him.

Did he envy George Ryan? Maybe.

The blonde brought the song to an almost lachrymose conclusion.

There was clapping.

It was like a faint pounding in his ears.

George was clapping, too.

He looked across at Dick Martin. "I know her," he said, "once I knew her very well."

Dick nodded. Yes, and he knew Lucy very well, too. His Lucy.

Faithful, loyal, and wonderful Lucy.

Then the blonde was standing there at the table. She was just starting to be not young any more.

Her mouth seemed to be a little hard when you saw it close.

"Hello, George," she said.

"Hello, darling."

Darling. Darling. "Darling Lucy."

So sure. So poised. Automatically his legs functioned and he stood up.

"Cynthia, this is a great friend of mine, Dick Martin."

"How do you do?" But, Cynthia,

I am a much greater friend of his wife, Lucy Martin. Oh, yes, indeed, Cynthia.

The blonde said: "I will come back and have a drink with you afterwards. I have to do another number."

George Ryan nodded. "Yes, do that," he said.

They sat down, and the food was there then. It tasted like lumps of stale rubber, and his tight-clenched stomach gave it a cold reception.

"You're quiet to-day, Dick."

What words did he say? His mind was like a machine. Doing things without his conscious bidding.

The blonde was singing again.

Was it true? Was he sure? But not Lucy. Lucy could not be involved in anything like that.

Of course it was true. There was no doubt. Don't try and fool yourself, Dick Martin. There was not the slightest shadow of doubt. His wife and George Ryan.

Kill George Ryan. Kill him. Kill him.

But how?

Well, now—what about in the car? There was that part of the road that went near the cliff. He

TWO OF A KIND

could easily swing off there, accelerate, and have the car over the cliff before George knew what it was all about.

And he in it, too?

Well—why not? It did not matter. Not now.

But he did not want to die with George. Not with that cheap rat.

Maybe it could be made to look like an accident.

"I'm sorry you don't like it, Dick."

I always like the food here."

He looked up.

George was smiling at him. Smiling commiseratingly. But not because he did not like the food. Oh, no, not that.

He knew that glint in George's eye. George was feeling very smug and sure of himself. George was thinking to himself: This man's wife is in love with me, and he does not know it.

Does not know it. Does not know it.

And he had not known it, either. Not until this morning. Not until a few hours ago.

Lucy, Lucy, what made you do it? How could you do it?

"I'm sorry you don't like it, Dick."

He grinned. It was a tight, hard grin. It felt that way on his face.

It felt as though his teeth were pushing their way through his parted lips.

"That's all right, George. I'm

not feeling very hungry to-day."

He sat there with that thin, false strip of a smile on his face. He sat there looking at George Ryan.

"I'll kill you, George Ryan," he

was thinking, coldly, calmly. "I'll

kill you just as sure as you sit there.

I'll kill you soon, and it doesn't

matter to me if

I die, too, as

long as I live to

see that smug

grin make a

swift and

startled exit

from your face."

The blonde

was singing

again now.

George Ryan

leaned back in

his chair and lit

a cigarette. He

blew some smoke

and

smiled. He

nodded in the direction

of the blonde.

"She was a good-

looker once," he said.

"Going off now,

though. They age

**By
CHARLES
SAINT**

quickly, don't they—particularly that type?"

They age quickly. Lucy, poor Lucy.

Some couples were dancing, smiling, talking fondly. It increased his bitterness.

Why had they both liked George Ryan so much? Because of his charm and personality.

Because of his poise and confidence. Because of his calmness, his ability always to do the right thing. His capacity for always being unruffled.

Whereas, by comparison, Dick was inclined to be a little untidy, quicker in his actions, more hurried in his talk.

He looked now again at George Ryan. Neat and calm.

Maybe he did envy him. Envied him, therefore feared him. Feared him, therefore hated him. Hated him, therefore would kill him.

Would most certainly kill George Ryan.

The blonde rounded off the song again, and the music stopped. The couples wandered back to their tables.

George ordered some drinks.

Please turn to page 33



"George, did I ever get around to telling you that I hate you?" the girl said evenly.



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own head and stars in your lovely lady's
eyes, with these heavenly gifts by L'Ornay!

MANTLE OF GREATNESS

By JOHN HARRIMAN

A KEEN businessman, MacGregor had no patience with artists and writers. He found them pretentious and boring. Nothing, he would say, was more tedious than to have to sit and listen to a man who'd never amount to anything hold forth on subjects which, for proper elucidation, demanded the wit and intelligence of a Voltaire.

But one day MacGregor—nobody ever called him anything but that—bought a portrait. Portrait of the Artist's Wife, it was called, and MacGregor bought it, not because of an interest in art, but because of an interest in women.

He was a bachelor, a tall, attractive, black-eyed man still in his thirties, who had retired after making a fortune in various undertakings. A man who had known women, and very beautiful ones, of all sorts and kinds.

But of all the women he'd ever met, it seemed to MacGregor, the most beautiful was this woman in the portrait, *The Artist's Wife*.

The portrait fascinated MacGregor. For he had encountered a paradox which puzzled and irritated his highly matter-of-fact and practical intelligence. He knew slightly the woman who had served as a model for the painting.

She was a young woman who worked in a gift shop in town, a widow—her husband, who had, of course, painted the portrait, had died the previous year—a tall, dark, rather shy person who seemed to achieve a kind of personification of the usual, the ordinary.

She was not, or at least had never seemed to MacGregor, in the least attractive. She dressed badly. She affected a simplicity which was, of course, a favorite pose of artists, and finally she wore her hair in a style most unbecoming to her long, rather narrow face.

Her name was Greta Smedly, and her late husband, Walter Smedly, MacGregor had been told, had been not only one of the dullest men alive, but one of the dullest painters. During their married life his wife had had to support him. His work had had absolutely no sale.

It was this last, of course, that made the paradox so bewildering. For even a man who knew as little of painting as did MacGregor could have understood an artist of imagination creating a work of splendid beauty out of a model completely ordinary. But Smedly hadn't been a great artist. He even, it was said, had been no artist at all.

But the portrait remained. There was no explaining it.

MacGregor became increasingly curious. One day he dropped into the gift shop, made a purchase, and watched the girl closely as she wrapped it. Nothing—nothing of the portrait in her that he could see.

"Mr. MacGregor," she said quietly as she handed him his package. "I haven't had an opportunity to thank you for buying one of my husband's paintings. It was"—she looked away shyly—"very nice of you."

"Not at all. I bought it because I liked it," MacGregor said.

The change in her was instantaneous, and remarkable. Her eyes lighted, a flush rose in her cheeks, her whole manner became expectant.

"Oh, I'm so pleased," she exclaimed. "I had an idea that you

just bought it to—well, just to be kind."

"Not at all," MacGregor turned to go, then paused, and added on impulse, "As a matter of fact, I've got your portrait hung over my living-room fireplace. Come and see it some time, will you?"

For a moment she stared at him in confused embarrassment.

"Will you?" he repeated.

"Why . . . yes . . . some time," she said.

MacGregor was amused. He felt, also, a certain excitement. It occurred to him that perhaps Greta Smedly was not the simple, ordinary woman she appeared. Perhaps her dead husband, painting her, loving her, had sensed hidden qualities, potentialities which he had been unable to bring out.

If so, the situation was not without its poignancy, MacGregor reflected—or its irony. The dead artist-husband reaching back from the grave by means of his work to call his widow's charms to the attention of another man?

The thought made MacGregor laugh. But Greta's pleasure at his having bought the painting touched him. So a few days later he arranged through a woman friend, the proprietor of a large city art shop, for the purchase of three more of Smedly's paintings.

MacGregor's name was to be kept out of it. In the first place, he did not want to be thanked. Furthermore, he knew it would give Greta Smedly a great deal more satisfaction for the sale to come through a big city dealer. And, finally, he was by no means sure that she would not question his motives if she knew he was the purchaser. He could hardly have maintained that he was suddenly struck with interest in art at his time of life.

It was about ten days later that he ran into Greta at a party, and his

"You'll probably sell some more, now that your husband's work has begun to attract attention, won't you?" he asked her.

"I certainly hope so. But—" She shrugged in a manner MacGregor found utterly delightful. "You can't tell about painting, you know."

"I suppose not. By the way, you haven't forgotten that you're coming to my house to see my portrait of you, have you? After all, I was the first to become interested in your husband's work," he said laughingly. "How about some day next week?"

It was arranged. MacGregor asked several other people, artists with whom he imagined she would feel at home. And because, if the sale of three canvases had done so much, MacGregor saw no reason why the sale of five would not do more, he ordered two other Smedlys through his friend.

The moment he saw Greta in the room with the portrait he knew that his suspicions had been correct. She was a woman of infinite and undreamed-of potentialities. She was, in short, the woman in the portrait. The woman in the gift shop was nothing more than a chrysalis, a woman smothered by economic insecurity.

MacGregor was as pleased as any explorer who comes suddenly on some new and startling discovery. Something told him that he had met the woman who was to end his interest in women. He could scarcely take his eyes from Greta, and at the first opportunity he drew her aside to ask her if she did not think her portrait was well hung.

"Yes," she told him smilingly, automatically falling into the pose in the portrait. "But it's a little embarrassing to have my portrait hung in an unmarried man's house, particularly a man like yourself."

"A man like myself?" he asked inquiringly, as, much to his annoyance, a friend of his named Fraser came over and joined them. "What do you mean by that?"

he added when she did not reply. Fraser, who was a tall, lanky blond with derisive blue eyes, laughed quietly. "Greta means it's like having her picture hung in a bar, don't you, Greta?"

"No—no, not exactly."

"By the way, congratulations on Walter's belated success, Greta. It's splendid, isn't it?"

She smiled swiftly, and turned away to speak to some other people.

"Did he have any talent at all—Smedly, I mean?" MacGregor said after a minute.

"Smedly? Didn't you ever meet him? The man had a mind like a bowl of mashed potatoes," Fraser said. "I can't imagine who on earth could be fool enough to want to buy his paintings. Unless it's—"

Fraser broke off suddenly. He glanced at MacGregor, who was watching Greta cross the room to join some friends; then his eyes went to the portrait over the mantel. He gave another quick, derisive laugh.

"Why, Mr. MacGregor! It couldn't be that you've suddenly discovered an interest in painting—could it? Or—" Once again he laughed. "Better pray she never finds out, Mac. She thinks it's an important collector. She will get a shock if she discovers it's only a Philistine with a fat pocketbook and a desire for a flirtation."

MacGregor smiled slowly. "I have no desire for any flirtation. I'm going to marry Greta Smedly,"



WYNNE W
DAVIES

"It's a little embarrassing to have my portrait hung in an unmarried man's house," Greta said quietly.

he said. Yet, even as he followed her across the room, he was aware, uncomfortably, that there might well be a wide gulf between expression of intent and its accomplishment.

The weeks passed, and MacGregor, now, deeply in love, found himself riding a tiger. Having started buying Smedly's paintings, and thereby having raised Greta's hopes that the man was at last receiving the recognition denied him in his lifetime, he had not the heart to stop the purchases and cause her

bitter disappointment.

On the other hand, the more paintings MacGregor bought, the more she seemed to belong to the dead artist, and the less interested she appeared in him.

"Walter is really beginning to get a reputation, Mac," she confided to him one afternoon as they sat in her small studio in town. "It's growing—slowly, of course—but it's growing."

Please turn to page 40

The art of George Finey

BRILLIANT painter and cartoonist George Finey uses any material that comes to hand to express his ideas. His slogan is "any means towards the end."

Pictures reproduced here were painted in ordinary furniture enamel with a one-inch oil-color brush and two water-color brushes.

"You must be very sure of the color you want and put it down firmly," Finey says, "because you cannot re-work or paint over enamel, even though it remains in a plastic state for about 24 hours."

"You must watch the colors constantly, because they are liable to pancake out and run into each other, and they must be pulled into shape with the brush or thumb."

"I used a fair amount of thumb-work in two of these pictures, 'Penicillin' and 'Atomic Landscape.'"

Finney is famous for his originality, and his pictures have a never-failing stimulation and freshness.

He considers that in his "Atomic Landscape," reproduced here, he shows the "shape of paintings to come."

He says: "In this age of atomic power it stands to reason that all art must be vitally affected by the change. In this painting I show how the atomic upsurge can be applied effectively to landscape."

"The gaseous halo of clouds above and around the head of the decorative tree resembles the bomb explosion, while the rhythmic movement in the background of the picture suggests the 'atompheric' blast."



● "Mountain Devils," below, with its exquisite coloring, is a purely decorative painting. Finey says these seed-pods have much variety of expression.

● "Penicillin" is the title George Finey gives to the picture above. It shows the strange patterns and brilliant coloring of fungi, which fascinate him.





● In the decorative flower-piece, above, which like many of Finey's paintings would make a superb fabric design, the artist has captured the ethereal beauty of one species of wattle. All bush subjects appeal to the artist.

● "Atomic Landscape," below, is the first of a series of paintings Finey is working on. In it he uses the atomic bomb explosion as a central theme to represent a decorative tree with gaseous cloud formations in the background.



Strong personality

A FAMILIAR figure in the train to the Blue Mountains, New South Wales, is 54-year-old George Finey, with his sun-tanned skin, vivid, alert hazel eyes, and shock of hair.

He loves to wear casual clothes — open-necked sports shirt, slacks, and open-toed sandals.

For the past seven years he has lived at Springwood, and is one of the most spectacular members of the artist colony on the Mountains.

He spends much of his time exploring the bush country around his home and painting many aspects of it.

Volatile and bubbling over with ideas, George Finey makes a visit to his home a most exhilarating experience, ending in a showing of dozens of his paintings, varying from decorative to abstract.

Born at Parnell, in New Zealand, Finey came to live in Australia after he had served for four years in the 1914-1918 war with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force.

He received his art training at the Elam School of Art, in Auckland, New Zealand, and later at the London Polytechnic School.

The Sydney National Art Gallery has acquired several of his flower pieces.

One of Finey's pet hopes is that he can hold an exhibition of paintings and "manufactured pictures." The manufactured pictures would be made of every type of Australian product. He would have blown-glass flowers set in frames of tin, aluminium, or copper; landscapes made out of leather and all types of woods; and portraits and landscapes made of wool.

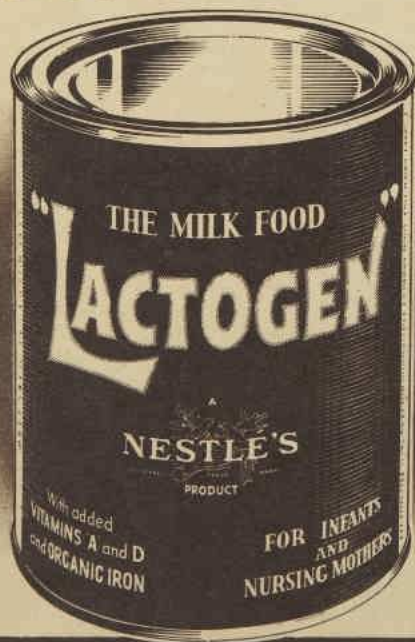
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C 316

Imported Woman

By ...
GWYNETH EVANS

UNSUSPECTINGLY, Bill Morrison picked up the receiver. The operator said, "London calling," and presently he was listening to Eric Blair's calm, unruffled voice.

"Where on earth are you?" he said, for Eric's ship was due in the next day.

"At the office, old boy," said Eric, unperturbed. "Should have sent you a cable. I'm not coming. Sending my assistant, Lesley Peters, instead."

"Sending a boy to do a man's job?" said Bill, a little annoyed. He had been a little annoyed with Eric for the three years they had been in business together.

"No, a girl," said Eric, who was never annoyed. "And, Bill—the voice was little less smooth than usual—she's not for export."

"Got her personally tagged?"

"No, it's strictly business. She's good. Knows all about Gro-Gro. Friend of hers developed it. See that she gets a spot of fun, too. It's a bit grim over here, you know," Bill knew.

"By the way, she's flying. I told her you'd be too busy to meet her, so she'll go direct to the office." He inquired briefly about Bill's health and the weather, said, "Well, cheerio," and hung up.

Bill put the receiver down. As usual, after talking to Eric, he felt vaguely irritated and vaguely amused. Amused at Eric's casualness; irritated because, in spite of his casualness, he had been able to build up a substantial business in England, with branches in a dozen different countries.

The American branch was the newest, the smallest, but, because of the dollar shortage, the most important.

Bill had met Eric in a London "pub" in '45 when he was awaiting orders home. A very drunk, very young second lieutenant had been holding forth about the backwardness of the limeys.

"What a country," he had said to no one in particular. "Y'oughta come to God's own country, where we got our beer cold and our women hot." He made a pass at a very prim Waaf.

It was one of those unpleasant incidents that were always occurring. Bill had eased the lieutenant out of the pub, apologised, but then, as a fellow officer and an American, had felt called upon to justify him.

He found himself talking to a tall, pleasant-looking British major in his thirties.

"I suppose the way we fellows feel about it is this: We think of all the things we have in America, and we think, gosh, it's a pity other people don't have them too." He told Eric about his own small business, and how nothing would give him greater pleasure than to put a washing-machine and refrigerator in every home in England.

"Think what it would mean to the women," he said. Bill often thought about women.

Within a month they had shaken hands on an agreement whereby Bill would act as Eric's agent. It was another year before Bill was out of the Army and got started.

It hadn't, of course, turned out quite the way Bill had expected. His dream of flooding England with juke boxes and freezing lockers had been thoroughly squelched by the dollar shortage. Instead, Bill was trying to place British exports in the American market.

And the stuff Eric had been sending him! Fabrics that were too heavy for summer, too light for winter; china that was too expensive; gadgets for melting down bits of soap into a new cake, for saving string, for repairing broken electric-light plugs! A dozen times he had been tempted to chuck the business, but Eric had remained unruffled and confident, and he had stayed on.

But now Gro-Gro. Gro-Gro was a liquid fertiliser which had been selling astonishingly well in England and Australia. "You won't have any trouble with this," Eric had said. "Everyone knows about English gardens."

That was true. But there were already plenty of fertilisers on the American market, and the gadget for dispensing Gro-Gro must have been dreamed up by Ethelred the Unready in a drowsy moment.

It was attached by a tube to the nozzle of the hose and you carried the can in your pocket. "Just slip the compact, convenient tin into the pocket of your gardening jacket. So simple to use!" said the circular. But who in America gardened in a jacket? Everyone Bill knew wore shorts and was stripped to the waist.

He had pleaded with Eric to come over and see for himself what America was like, why so much of the stuff England was making was so completely unsuitable.

Eric had promised. But now he had backed out and was sending his assistant instead. And a girl, at that. You



Bill stood disgruntled, a rush of memories coming back as he watched Eric and Lesley.

couldn't talk business to a girl; not imports and exports and tariffs and foreign exchange. That wasn't what they were for.

Bill had barely got through his morning mail when his secretary buzzed to announce that Miss Peters had arrived. The door opened, and there she was. He jumped to his feet and carefully subdued a whistle. She was slim and blond and blue-eyed, the way an English girl should be and often isn't.

He knew what Eric meant. She was definitely exportable. He said, "I must apologise for staring. You shake me. I was expecting British austerity."

"Will I do?" she said. Her voice was low and composed. "It's made from my father's suit. Eric's tailor did it for me."

He nodded authoritatively. "You'll do. You'll more than do." He offered her a chair and a cigarette, and sat on the desk. "Your first trip to America. Where'd you like to start?"

"With Gro-Gro."

He groaned. "Not business. Not right away."

"That's what I'm here for." He eyed her with a grin. "You don't look like business."

She smiled back. "That's my business."

"Well," he said, "okay. But after lunch." He swung to the floor and reached for his hat.

He decided to take her out and buy her a good big steak. But he could barely get her up Fifth Avenue. She stopped at every shop window and stared unashamedly at every building.

She barely ate a quarter of her steak. "I haven't seen one since October, '44, when I had dinner in an American mess." She wasn't complaining, just stating a fact.

He said impulsively, "Stay over and I'll buy you one three times a day."

He looked at her. There was no reaction. He didn't know why he wanted there to be a reaction, but he did.

She said suddenly, "Eric told me a bit about you."

"So? Nothing trivial, I hope."

She wasn't looking at him. She was staring across the room at a very smart green hat, which apparently interested her more than their conversation. Then she turned to him and smiled a little abstractedly. "He said that I'd like you, that you were kind and generous, courteous and intelligent, and that you were a typical American."

He felt like a small boy receiving a diploma on graduation day. "What does he mean by a 'typical American'?"

"I'm not sure," she said thoughtfully. "I'll have to find out."

"I'll give you plenty of opportunity."

"That will be nice," she said pleasantly. No reaction—no reaction at all.

Please turn to page 43

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new plunging
necklines?



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GARDEN FRONT of Clarence House, showing its distinguished elegance and purity of line. The two bays above the portico represent the south side, built for the Duke of Clarence in 1826-27 by the great domestic architect, John Nash. Portion to the right of the portico was added in 1875.

ELIZABETH'S TOWN HOUSE

ALMOST wholly furnished with wedding gifts, Clarence House makes a dignified and impressive background for the early married life of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip.

Adjoining St. James' Palace, overlooking the Mall, the 122-year-old house has been completely renovated. It was built for William IV when he was Duke of Clarence and rebuilt in 1873 by Queen Victoria's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh.



ABOVE, Prince Charles' day nursery is white, with touches of blue. Curtains and chair-covers have gay 'nineties design on white.

©

RIGHT, Prince Philip's sitting-room is panelled with white Canadian maple, curtains and carpets are bottle-green, settees natural leather.



ALL CORRIDORS are close-carpeted in mushroom-grey. Hangings are deep crimson.



CHINTZ chair-covers of library have sea-blue ground, magnificent Indian carpet repeats tone. Walls and built-in bookshelves are white. Painting of H.M.S. Vanguard by Norman Wilkinson, R.A., has recessed lighting above.



ADAM-STYLE wall decoration of dining-room dates from 19th century. Is pale apple-green picked out in white. Portraits of George III and his children are believed to have always belonged to house. Curtains are of white damask.



DOORWAY leading from outer hall beneath the portico to house proper is lent importance and dignity by the two handsome lamps and pedestals on either side.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S sitting-room on the first floor is furnished entirely with wedding presents. Furniture is mainly Chippendale and Sheraton.



ELEGANTLY curving staircase leads to wing added in 1875. It is carpeted in mushroom-grey. The Chippendale mirror was a wedding gift.

IVORY-AND-GREY WALLS for drawing-room (left). The ceiling is picked out in gold. In this beautiful room, too, furnishings are wedding gifts.



GRETA,
leather Albert
in burgundy, black
and brown. BETSY
same style, all-wool felt.



BRENDA, all-wool
felt in blue, rose,
sage, burgundy, cardinal
and black; also two-tones.



THELMA,
quilted satin
cosy-sole Albert, in
black, wine, cherry,
blue, pink.



CYNTHIA, satin mule in
blue, pink, wine and black.



YUKI, quilted satin peep-toe
court in blue, pink, black, wine.

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by Nielsen! Satins, felts,
fabrics, leathers—low heels,
high heels, wedges—Nielsen's
have them all in variety to
pamper every preference

See them!...
at better stores
throughout
Australia

Nielsen SLIPPERS
"nice to come home to"

Rene Suggests MIDDIES



America has gone middy mad for town and sports occasions.

● The short-sleeved middy blouse, at right, in black linen, buttons high to a trim neckline, with a pointed white pique collar to match the white cuffs.



● A deep plunging neckline, below-elbow sleeves, and a side zipper fastening are features of the middy, above, made in donkey-brown cotton or linen with yellow-and-white dotted scarf and kerchief. Middies suit short hair.



● The middy idea is carried out, above, in a one-piece cotton frock with striped top, plain pleated skirt, collar and cuffs of skirt fabric.

● The cuffed cowl-necked middy, at left, has cool, loose sleeves and is belted in trimly to wear to town with a very tailored little hat.

Rene



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recreating broadcast cheer with resonant
clarity... with "tone, that belongs to
Golden Voice alone." Your Healing
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goes where you go... always
ready with a song of
entertainment of your
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size metal-and-plastic
"compact" is a super-
heterodyne circuit providing
static-free reception of
amazing range and volume.



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Big entertainment in the big
out-of-doors... or in
rooms, powerless for want
of "points". With a 5-valve
circuit and 8 in. speaker,
Companion brings in
faraway places more clearly
than most mantels, and
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limitations are on space,
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of "all over" Ivory and
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"We couldn't have done it without Em"



RACING CREW of Kurrewa III. At front: Honey Podmore (N.Z.), Miss Emily Livingston, John Livingston, Terry Hammond (N.Z.), Skipper Frank Livingston. At back: Alan Bath (Canada), Bill Gordon, Bill Mitchell (Sydney), and Frank Lush (N.Z.).

Sailing Livingstons say sister earned her trip to America

From our Melbourne office

"We could never have done it without Em"—this is what famous yachtsmen Frank and John Livingston say about their irrepressible sister Emily.

The Livingstons are now back on their station property, "Curratum," Mt. Gambier, South Australia, after their adventure-laden 20,000-mile trip across the Pacific and back in their ketch Kurrewa III.

FIVE feet two in her bare feet—and they are as pretty a pair of feet as you'd see anywhere—brown-haired, very blue-eyed Emily grins at this.

"They never pay me compliments in my hearing," she said. "I only discover the nice things they think about me from other people."

"Aboard Kurrewa I was just known as 'her,' 'she,' or 'cook.'"

Feminine to a degree in spite of her blue jeans, sunburn, hearty humor, and reputation for roughing it, she thumps down the small closed hand of her bangle-laden arm and insists in her attractive, husky voice that she is still not a cook.

"If I'd been a real cook I could never have stood the trip. I'd have been completely at sea every time salt water poured into a prize-recipe mixture. But," she proudly added, "I did keep everyone healthy."

"Yes," chorused Skipper Frank and Mate John. "None of us even got a salt-water boil—and that is most unusual. Crews usually get these even with just a few weeks' sailing round the coast or crossing the Tasman."

The brothers recalled that when Emily made a spur-of-the-moment decision to sail with them as far as New Zealand, on their way from Australia to take part in the million-ounce-class yacht race between Los Angeles and Honolulu about eight months ago, they were completely flabbergasted.

"We'd never sailed any distance with a woman aboard, and we didn't like the idea," they said.

"But somehow through circumstances and the fact that she made herself so indispensable, by the time we reached Hawaii on the way over, every man aboard had changed his opinion about sailing with a woman," Frank said.

"She did so much to keep our morale high. At first she made bread which gave us all such a laugh—we got out an axe to cut it."

"She treated cases of accident ex-

pertly. Her first-aid went as far as cutting out and sewing up an oilskin boot for Frank Lush to wear to keep the bandages dry on his crushed toe.

"She shared her ration of drinking water with a long stem of orchids which she insisted on keeping from Honolulu to Los Angeles, because orchids gave everyone something beautiful to think about," he added.

When Canadian Alan Bath's real snow-country white wool sweater (made by Red Indians) gaped with holes, she set to and repaired it by crocheting in invisible patches of waxed sail twine.

"I didn't really get my sea legs until I discarded my shoes and went bare-footed. Now I can't get into the habit of wearing shoes again," said Miss Livingston.

Her concession to a land-lubber's life again is a pair of very open, white leather, narrow-strap sandals bought for a couple of dollars in Los Angeles. Although she doesn't varnish her finger-nails, her toes



EMILY LIVINGSTON aboard Kurrewa III in blue jeans, peaked cap, and the 21 bracelets she wears all the time.

peeping through the sandals are lacquered a deep old rose.

"I had to paint them," she explained. "Salt water discolors nails and makes them look like a bird's claws."

Another convention Miss Livingston is finding it hard to take is getting used to sleeping in a bed again.

"I honestly haven't had a comfortable night's rest since I've been ashore," she complained.

"Em got into the habit of sleeping on the floor of the cabin while she kept her bedside vigil nursing John when he dislocated his shoulder," Frank recalled.

"She grew to like it so much that

nothing would persuade her afterwards even to use her bunk."

The brothers tease Emily that she kept them all in good health while they were away because she is such a good "horse doctor."

Out of her hearing they'll say glowingly that "what Em doesn't know about stock diseases is not worth knowing. And she's an absolute expert on pastures and grasses."

At home at "Curratum," although a magnificent manager and hostess on numerous occasions to distinguished visitors and vice-royalty, she keeps clear of the homestead kitchen, spending most of her time tearing round the property in a utility truck.



PROUD SMILE from Emily Livingston as she surveys last of the baking she did aboard Kurrewa III before arriving home.

The Livingstons are descendants of John Livingston, pioneer squatter, who came to Australia in 1823 from Scotland.

Adam Lindsay Gordon was a regular visitor at "Curratum," and with John Livingston witnessed the wreck of the *Admella* at Cape Banks, afterwards immortalised by Gordon in verse.

Survivors from the *Admella* were cared for at "Curratum."

The historic white homestead has many art treasures, including one of the few Joshua Reynolds' in a private collection. Some of the furniture in everyday use there can trace its beginning back to Charles II and Jacobean periods.

John is the most devoted student of their Scottish ancestry and its direct link with one of the most historically famous Highland families. He's the most enthusiastic promoter of bagpipes this side of Gretna Green.

You get some idea of his line of sales talk when you see pictures of Hawaiian hula girls dancing a Highland Fling to a tune that John called on his pipes.

But the brothers say the greatest achievement of the trip was teaching Emily to swim at Lord Howe Island just before the return home.

"That's the only thing Em had never been able to do," Frank explained. "It even cost her a Guiding diploma—she is a South Australian Divisional Commissioner, and would have been able to add another Guiding honor to her list last time she was in England staying with Lady Baden-Powell if only she had been able to swim."

"And now we've remedied this." The brothers chuckled, with confident nods which suggested that for this alone the 20,000-mile trip was worth while.

Emily grinned under their barrage of wisecracks.

"I don't care what they say or what they do; they're the most wonderful brothers in the world, and with the service stripes I collected on the Kurrewa I'll never let them sail a knot without me again," she says.



PLAYING BAGPIPES. John Livingston and his brother, Skipper Frank Livingston (right), teach Honolulu hula girls how to dance Highland Fling. John wears "Riffs" made from Kurrewa's yellow quarantine flag.

OUR COVER

OUR cover this week is a brilliant painting by famous New Zealand artist George Finney, who has lived in Australia since he returned from the 1914-18 war. Four other paintings by Finney appear on pages 8 and 9.

Editorial

DECEMBER 3, 1949

A BIG MONTH FOR MOTHERS

DECEMBER blows in this week with the hot breath of summer and a wave of Christmas panic. What a month for mothers!

It is their time of trial—four weeks when there isn't enough time, enough money, enough strength for the hundred and one demands on them.

There are the break-up concerts requiring fancy dress, and the Christmas jobs for favorite charities with their call for plain hard work.

There's the little matter of running up a new frock for Mary and a wistful wondering whether there could possibly be time to renovate that old dinner dress for the club dance on Christmas Eve. (Mothers, after all, don't necessarily have one foot in the grave!)

Add such trifling matters as baking and icing the cakes and ensuring that the final mixing of the pudding is timed for when everybody's home to have a stir.

Grandma's presents must be bought for everybody and the Christmas cards addressed; toy shop rounds, bulky parcels hidden in wardrobes, grocers' lists and sudden wilful extravagances.

Oh, surely this is Christmas indeed!

A month of trial for mothers, yes, but a month of joy, too. The joy of giving and planning to give, joy hugged in secret anticipation and lived over many times... mothers' joy.

It mounts and mounts as day by day December flies by to bring the family festival nearer and nearer.

But where, from what mystic, primal source, do mothers draw the energy for it all?

ELISABET NEY: First woman sculptor

THERE was no nonsense about Europe's first woman sculptor, the beautiful, self-willed, ardently feminist Elisabet Ney, grand-niece of Napoleon's Marshal Ney. She had the Marshal's singleness of purpose and admitted quite frankly that she took up sculpture because she "wished to meet the great persons of the world."

"Great persons" for Elisabet meant particularly kings and queens. Before she was 40 she could boast among her possessions a set of teacups and jewels from Queen Victoria; a bracelet from the Queen of Hanover, another from the King of Prussia, and a superb jewelled watch from Ludwig II of Bavaria.

But it was a long way from the Munster home where Elisabet had lived with her sculptor father and house-proud mother, to the Courts of England and Bavaria.

Elisabet had to fight every inch of that way, beginning with the patient wearing down of her parents' opposition, before she could even get to Munich to continue the sculpture studies begun with her father.

She agreed, most unwillingly, to remain at home until she was 19, and as soon as she reached that age on January 16, 1852, she left for Munich, where she needed all her determination and charm before she at last fought her way into the Academy of Fine Arts, as the first girl student.

The strange enigma about Elisabet was that, having climbed ruthlessly to fame with an assured position in the capitals of Europe, she suddenly turned her back on it all and for 22 years lived in complete obscurity in America.

But nothing Elisabet ever did was rational, and most irrational of all was her obstinate denial all her life that she was the wife of Edmund Montgomery, with whom she lived intermittently for more than 40 years.

It was part of Elisabet's militant feminism to deplore matrimony and to resent motherhood bitterly, but she was eager enough to enjoy the pleasure and companionship of a deep and lasting love.

Elisabet and Edmund, who was a medical student at Heidelberg, met soon after she arrived in Munich.

The night they met she was wearing a beautiful white lace gown, with a bunch of violets tucked into her waist. She was exquisite-looking, with a lithe, slender body, dark red curls, creamy skin, and deep blue eyes with long lashes.

If Edmund was dazzled by this apparition, Elisabet was equally overwhelmed by the tall, broad-



ELISABET NEY, as she was painted by Friedrich Kaulbach, when she was 26.

shouldered young Scot, with his fair hair and brilliant blue eyes.

Edmund, who was the illegitimate son of Baron Colomay and Oransay, a noted sceptic and free-thinker, had, after the most intense soul-searching, become a free-thinker too, and imparted his beliefs to Elisabet.

Marriage was the one subject on which Edmund wished to remain conventional; but Elisabet would not hear of such a thing. She wanted her Edmund, but she wanted also complete freedom.

For the rest of Elisabet's life Edmund was always there, the recipient of all her confidences, a man of infinite patience and understanding.

A feminist who combined art with social climbing and made friends—and subjects—of kings

Feminist though she was, Elisabet realised the help men could be in getting her what she wanted, so she lavished on them her all-conquering charm. Whatever they may have hoped to receive in return for their aid the beautiful young creature repaid them only with friendship.

These methods and her undoubted talent got her into the Munich Academy, which after two years she felt could teach her no more.

Nothing would satisfy her now but that she must become the pupil of the grand old man of German sculpture, Christian Rauch, in Berlin.

It was an ambitious scheme, but the 78-year-old Rauch gave her an interview and was conquered, first by her work and then by herself.

Elisabet's future was assured from this point, for the elderly Rauch fell in love with his beautiful young pupil, taught her unremit-

FAMOUS WOMEN

ttingly, and passed on his own commissions for her to execute.

The attitude towards women artists in the Berlin of those days was conservative; but word began to spread that Elisabet Ney would be Germany's greatest sculptor "because Rauch had said so."

Elisabet could not help but succeed in her climb to fame with this backing, plus her own good looks and amazing self-assurance.

It marked a new step in her move upward when she attended Cosima List as bridesmaid at Cosima's much-publicised wedding with Hans von Bulow.

Elisabet had "arrived," socially as well as artistically.

She made portraits in marble of a steadily growing list of famous people—the violinist Joseph Joachim, the legendary von Humboldt, who was an intimate friend of half the kings of Europe, Jacob Grimm, of fairy-tale fame, and greatest triumph of all, the woman-hating philosopher Schopenhauer.

Even Schopenhauer succumbed to Elisabet's charm, but, like so many others, found there was little place in that young woman's life for sentiment, and while he was begging her to revisit him at Frankfurt, she was jubilantly receiving a royal summons from George V, last King of Hanover.

Edmund had gone with her to Berlin, when she left Munich, and had rejoiced in her growing fame.

Their careers often parted them for a time. Elisabet would be sculpting Schopenhauer in Frankfurt and Edmund working at St. Thomas' Hospital in London; but always they came together again to resume their liaison on the same intimate, happy plane.

They had one such reunion when Elisabet was summoned to London to do a portrait of Queen Victoria.

But when Elisabet was 30 and Edmund 28 they reached a crisis.

Edmund had had to leave St. Thomas', because the authorities discovered that although he had made an intensive study of medicine he had never actually taken his degree.

He went to Madeira and soon had a flourishing practice among the wealthy tourists.

During this upheaval in his life Edmund's usually regular letters to Elisabet ceased. At last Elisabet discovered that he had been very ill, and she set out immediately for Madeira.

Her arrival in the quiet colony was a bombshell. Scandal was soon busy. Edmund's practice began to dwindle alarmingly.

Then Elisabet had the shock of her life. For some reason Edmund's

patience was exhausted. He had been a victim long enough of Elisabet's rabid feminism.

He issued his ultimatum with true Scottish downness. She must marry him, or leave the island by the next boat.

She gave in. They were married, but with the utmost secrecy, at the British Consulate, on November 7, 1863.

Beside herself with rage at thus being forced to forgo her cherished principles, Elisabet took an immediate and devastating revenge.

She went to the home Edmund had prepared for her, locked herself in and refused him admittance, and she denied for the rest of her life that any marriage had taken place, firmly calling herself "Miss Ney" and referring to Edmund as her "best friend."

Madira was more than ever agog and Edmund's practice continued to disappear even more swiftly. At last he and Elisabet had to leave the island.

Fortunately for Edmund he had a generous allowance from his father, so was never really dependent on his practice, and gave the rest of his life to research.

After a honeymoon in Southern Europe Edmund went off to London to read a paper on his research work to the Royal Society, and Elisabet to Capri to do a portrait of Garibaldi.

But once again Elisabet had set her heart on sculpting a royalty. The king she chose this time was Ludwig II of Bavaria.

Scandal, not based on fact, declared she was Ludwig's mistress, but in reality Elisabet came under the strange mental spell that Ludwig cast on those close to him, influencing them with his own lack of realistic thought, and his escapism.

With an artist's perception Elisabet realised the coming breaking of the young king's mind. Her portrait of him was described as "the most frightening marble in the world. There is terror in the startled eyes, madness in the wild expression."

Whatever happened between Ludwig and herself the effect on Elisabet was profound. Suddenly she announced to Edmund that she must get far, far away from Europe and its Courts, and together they set out to build a new life in America.

Soon after they settled in Georgia, the 37-year-old Elisabet gave birth to her first child, a son, whom she called Arthur, after Schopenhauer.

Continued on page 27

AUSTRALIAN GIRLS CRITICISED

THE Australian girl isn't well groomed, well educated, or well informed about anything outside domestic affairs, an American says.

The American, a New York writer who was in Australia for several months this year, says that the worst thing about them is the Australian man.

His opinion, which is backed up by psychologists, artists, and fashion experts, is that the Australian man doesn't want her to go anywhere or to do anything.

At social functions in Australian homes, he says, the men gather in one corner to talk golf, racing, and politics, and the women are left in another corner to gossip.

His article is published in A.M. for December, on sale on Thursday of this week.

Other charges he makes are that the Australian girl is unimaginative in the kitchen, awkward and uneasy in her social relationships with men, and is generally a charming but disappointing manifestation of her sex.

Order your copy of A.M., the magazine for men and women, today. Price is 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY GUS



FIRST-NIGHTERS. Mr. and Mrs. John Faviell, with Mr. Frank Way at the opening night of "Much Ado About Nothing," presented by the Stratford-upon-Avon Players at the Tivoli Theatre.



WELCOME PARTY. Madame Del Balzo (left), Mrs. C. M. Croft, Minister for Italy Dr. Giulio Del Balzo, and Madame L. R. La Fleche at party given by Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Croft for new Canadian High Commissioner (Major-General La Fleche) and Madame La Fleche.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Two-tiered wedding cake is cut by Mrs. Bruce Mac Smith at reception at Ranelagh after marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Bride's sister, Mrs. Bruce Minell, bridegroom, and best man, Dudley O'Neill. Bride formerly Betty Goodwin, daughter of Mrs. E. G. Goodwin, of Bellevue Hill, and late Mr. W. C. Goodwin. Bruce is second son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Mac Smith, of Boree Cabonne, Burrenmore.



GALLANT. Mr. Mervyn Finlay, wearing opera cloak and top hat, holds umbrella to shield Lady King from rain as they arrive at the Tivoli Theatre for performance of "Much Ado About Nothing."

Intimate Gittings

FASHIONS on stage at the Tivoli Theatre far surpassed those in front of house at the gala opening night of "Much Ado About Nothing," presented by the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company.

To an audience who sat spellbound concentrating on the play the players' costumes presented a kaleidoscope of color of such harmony the performance took on an atmosphere of a ballet.

Rich velvets of subtle dyes, fine brocades, and filmy chiffons made garments "such stuff as dreams are made on."

MUST admit that feminine first-nighters had a lot to contend with as the weather man put on his own performance out-of-doors, and literally torrents of rain fell just as theatregoers arrived at the Tivoli.

Despite this many of the women in the audience wore lovely gowns, and clutched luxurious furs around them as they fled from their cars into the dry foyer. Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones attended "Much Ado" with her husband, her son, Charles, who had special school leave, and the Chief Justice, Sir John Latham.

FEEL there'll be a great rush for volumes of Will Shakespeare's works and bard's pearls of speech will be conversational currency for the next month during the Stratford Players' stay in Sydney.

Of all comments made by first-nighters, enjoyed that of the young man who asked in clear, bell-like tones: "What did you say this man's name was—Walter Pidgeon?" and his companion's hasty reply: "No, no dear, Quayle."

HOME in Killara for Beth and Tony Cowper, who were married recently at St. Martin's Church, Killara. Couple are honeymooning at Surfers' Paradise, and expect to return to Sydney on Monday.



CATHEDRAL WEDDING. Keith Prescott-Brady and his bride, formerly "Peter" McManus, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. McManus, of Neutral Bay, leave St. Andrew's Cathedral with attendants Barbara Begbie, Elizabeth Prescott-Brady, Jan Grieg, Terence McManus, and little Virginia Parker.



DOUBLE WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Belts-Horral and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Burling leave Presbyterian Church, Neutral Bay, after double wedding ceremony. Mrs. Belts-Horral formerly Pamela Patrick, of Balmoral, and Mrs. Burling formerly Virginia Fisher, of Coolabah, N.S.W.



SMILING COUPLE. Mr. and Mrs. Hal Bartlett leave St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, after quiet ceremony. Bride formerly Mrs. Elese (Tiny) Parramore, widow of Gregory Parramore and daughter of Mrs. Barritt, of Burrangong, Young, and late Mr. H. E. Barritt.

HONEYMOONERS Judy and Barry Morrison disembark in Adelaide when Himalaya stops there and hope to return by sea, getting back to Sydney about next Friday. Cynthia and Frank Powys decide on interstate tour for their honeymoon. They visit Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth before returning to make home at Bardwell Park. Ken and Audrey Shepherd keep their honeymoon venue a secret, but believe their future home will be in Sydney.

DECEMBER wedding for attractive Judy Williams and Charles Abbott, son of Mr. Justice C. L. Abbott and Mrs. Abbott, of Adelaide. Couple will be married at St. Peter's College Chapel this Saturday in Adelaide. Judy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. (Squizz) Williams, of Double Bay, and her sister Helen, who will be bridesmaid, stay with the Walter Kidmans before marriage. Mrs. Kidman, the former Muriel Moses, and Judy's mother, the former Everel Moses, are sisters. Reception will be held at the Kidmans' lovely Millwood home. Bridegroom's brother Derek and Frank Frolich will attend him.



WELCOME-HOME PARTY. Mrs. Herbert Douglass hostesses party at Prince's to welcome home Peter and Pat Britz, who have had prolonged honeymoon trip abroad. Pat's parents, Harold and Wendy Leach, were also guests at dinner party.

NEWS from here and there...

Diana Brunton just back from 4000-mile car trip on the Continent in four weeks with three of her New Zealand cousins. They couldn't get permits to cross Russian zone to visit Berlin... Last boat home before Christmas is Orion, which is now on the high seas. Ruth Bragg and her daughter, Sally; the M. S. Atwells, who've had a flat in Grosvenor Square since returning from America; Mrs. Hunter Bowman, of Muswellbrook; and the Julian Mackays, of Scone, are all on board. Believe the Mackays haven't had one wet day in any country they've visited since arriving six months ago, and they've been to Bermuda, Jamaica, Nassau, Edinburgh, Switzerland, France, and Italy, so it's to be hoped that they don't bring home a drought. On Lake Como they stayed at the famous Villa d'Este while King Leopold was there, and where the Windsors had been the week before.

CHEERY party given by Dr. and Mrs. Stafford Crane at their Woollahra home farewells the Howard Barrons, who sail for England and France for two years. Well-known landscape artist, Howard Barron will continue his studies in Paris.

BRIEFLY: Celebrating birthday in advance, Judith Ann McMillan, whose real birthday falls on Christmas Eve, invites school friends to party arranged by her mother, Paula McMillan, at her Darling Point home. Judith greets boys and girls wearing white organdie frock, and is helped in entertaining them by her younger sister, Carla... Twenty-first birthday party held at Railway Institute Hall, Penrith, when Catherine Flannery celebrates coming of age and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Flannery, entertain 200 guests at party... Fragrant sheaf of November lilies is carried by Cynthia Gates when the married Robert Simpson at St. Andrew's Cathedral. Cynthia is daughter of Mrs. R. Gates, of Rose Bay, and late Mr. W. Gates, of Brisbane.

Joyce

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IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE



WEDDING GROUP. Photograph of Charles Babbs' brother and bride and the bridal party taken shortly before the Babbs' home was wiped out by a bomb and the entire party killed.

Charles and Ada Babbs are alive again

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

In the public library in Waterloo, one of the poorest districts in London, a pair of lovers meet every day.

They are over fifty, not very well dressed, and thin from illness. The man is disfigured, due to war injuries.

BUT for both of them the daily sight of each other is a shining miracle, because for nine years each thought the other dead.

Charles and Ada Babbs, who might have been surrounded by their children and grandchildren but for the war tragedies that separated them for so long, are alone and homeless, but for them life has begun again since they suddenly saw each other across the street on a chilly November afternoon.

Charles Babbs, so badly wounded at Dunkirk that he was unrecognisable, and with his memory gone, was reported dead by the War Office.

Ada Babbs, his wife, was thought to have been killed when a bomb hit their home, killing their three children and all the guests at a wedding reception being held there.

"It was in the street I saw Ada again," Charlie Babbs told me. He speaks very softly, from the side of his mouth that plastic surgery has rebuilt. He looked into the soft brown eyes of his wife, Ada, a gentle, rosy-cheeked little woman who stroked his thin, nervous hands as he went on with the story.

"Well, Ada, are you still alive?" I said, and Ada was saying the same thing to me.

"We were too astonished to say more. Just kept on repeating, over and over again, 'Are you still alive?'"

"She hadn't changed much," Charles said, looking with pride at Ada, at her neat coat, her tidy beret, her overnight bag holding everything she owns in the world.

"And then she cried," he said, "and so did I. I couldn't help it. Loneliness is a terrible thing, a terrible, terrible burden."

The Babbs celebrated the miracle of their reunion with a cup of tea.

Ada Babbs had just been discharged from hospital the day they met. She was living on a small allowance from the Subsistence Board, paying 1/10 a night at a London County Council hostel, sleeping with 32 other women in a dormitory.

She still sleeps at the L.C.C. hostel, clocking out with the other women in the morning, parking her bag at the "left luggage" sitting in the park when it's fine, in the free libraries when it's wet, returning to the dormitory when its doors open at 10 p.m. She is too sick yet for even light work.

Though Charles and Ada Babbs have found each other again, they haven't found a home, and Charles' lodgings, where he shares a room with two other men, are so crowded

there isn't a corner into which they could squeeze Mrs. Babbs.

"So we sit in the library till it closes," they told me, "talking about old times and wishing we could find a place to be together again."

It was bitterly cold and pouring with rain when I met them at the library, whispering their plans and reconstructing the years when each thought the other dead.

"I went to our home as soon as I got a little sight back," Charles was telling Ada. "I had been totally blind for two years. You were the first person I remembered when my memory started to return. That was in 1942."

The news that Charles Babbs was missing believed dead reached his wife on the day that Babbs' home was filled with relatives for the wedding of one of Charles' brothers.

To hide her grief from her children and the wedding guests, Mrs. Babbs went to a nearby air-raid shelter, and there was a raid while she was there.

"Everyone was killed in our house that night except me," she said. "The children and all our relatives and friends who were there. When the bombing started I couldn't get back. And in the morning there was nothing but a heap of rubble."

Sad memories

AT the nearby Town Hall Charlie Babbs pieced together the sad story. His three children, Emma (17), Charlie (12), and Albert (7), had all died in the bombing.

A photographer had taken the wedding group before the reception, and the near-blind soldier was able to get a picture of the bridegroom (his brother), his two other brothers, his mother, the bride, her maids and her family. They were all in the wedding picture. They were all dead.

Such was the devastation that night that it was assumed Mrs. Babbs, too, had died when her home was hit.

But she was in hospital suffering from shock, and spent long months recovering, grief-stricken at her terrible loss.

Broken in health, she was never really well again, she told me.

No one was more delighted than Miss Eileen Collum, secretary at the Chelsea Branch, British Legion, when Charles Babbs found his wife again. She has known him since he looked into the Legion's



LOVERS' MEETING. Charles and Ada Babbs hold hands at their daily rendezvous at the public library in Waterloo.

rooms in 1942 and over a cup of tea told her of his troubles.

"He has been simply marvellous," kindly Miss Collum said. "He always worked when he was out of hospital, and though he was terribly lonely he always had a cheerful word for someone else with troubles."

"We are very fond of him here, and we hope to help him and Mrs. Babbs get a home of their own again."

Fifty-eight-year-old Charles Babbs was blown into the water after escaping from the Dunkirk beaches, clung to a raft, was machine-gunned by German aircraft, dropped into the water again, and was reported killed.

Actually he was picked up by a French trawler, taken to Cherbourg, and four days later brought to England in a hospital ship. He was so severely injured he could not talk, and had lost his sight and his memory.

He knew who he was, but no one else did. And he went from military hospital to military hospital till in 1942, when his sight began to return, he scribbled a note to say he wanted a day out. He still could not talk.

That was the day when, dimly through his half-sightless eyes he saw only the uncleaned rubble of his home.

Now Charles Babbs is a messenger with a firm in Dover Street, earning £4/10/- a week, with a disability pension that nets him 32/6. From this he has to pay £2/2/- for lodgings which include breakfast, dinner, and week-end meals.

"But he doesn't get the good home cooking he needs," Mrs. Babbs said as she shook her head sadly and hopelessly at the prospect of finding a place they could make into a home.

Meanwhile the 58-year-old husband and his 51-year-old wife wander hand in hand through "The Cut" at Waterloo, where they found each other again, visit the cemetery where so many they knew and loved are buried, the vacant space where their home once stood, the school where their children were taught—marvelling that they have lived through so much tragedy to such a happy ending.



WARY. Ken Raylance came from Brisbane to compete at Anglers' Association conference. Waiting for a bite, he looks patient and hopeful.



CONFIDENT. Another Queenslander, Ted Cornell, of Redcliffe, seems happy about his ability to outwit some poor fish struggling on his line.

Anglers confer... and fish

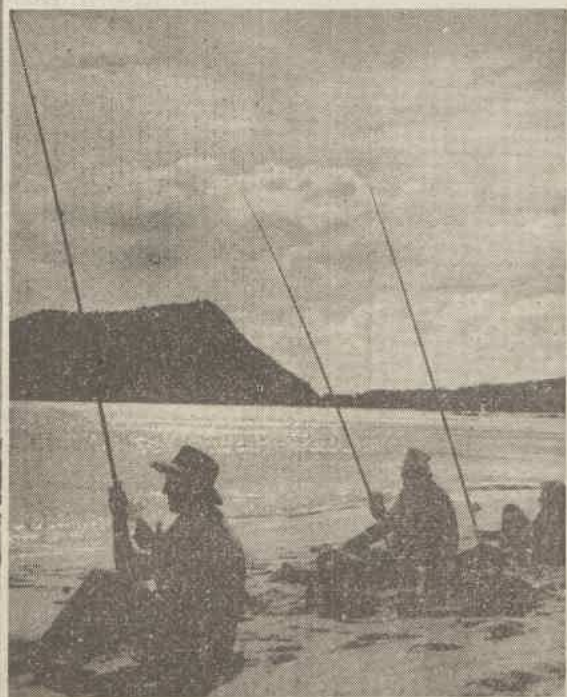
K EEN fishermen from all States travelled to Nelson's Bay, near Newcastle, N.S.W., to take part in the recent 10-day conference and competitions of the Australian Anglers' Association. Pictures show competitors in action.



VICTORIOUS, but modest. With downcast eyes Jack Edwards, of Newcastle, waits to be photographed with the fine 19-pound snapper he caught off Little Island, Port Stephens, N.S.W.



TECHNIQUE. Beach-casting at Nelson's Bay, Alf Stewart, of Victoria, shows concentration.



HOPEFUL. On the job in the first light of dawn, diehards (left to right) Harold McLardy, Newcastle, Ken Bennett and Joe Cornemolla, Sydney, beach-fish for jewfish in ripples of Shoal Bay.

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BENZEDRINE CAN BE

Dangerous

Recent disclosures that Australian university students are taking benzedrine to stimulate them through the trying end-of-year examination period have shown that this drug, which has great medical value, is being abused.

Although in all states of Australia, except New South Wales, the sale of benzedrine tablets is restricted under the Poisons Act, proof has been found that some unscrupulous chemists are selling them freely.

In the United States the same problem arose over inhalers containing benzedrine and the laboratory producing them had to find a substitute with the bounce taken out.

Nowhere in Australia is there any restriction on the sale of inhalers containing benzedrine, but that is because doctors say the abuse of inhalers practised in America is negligible here.

Legitimate use of benzedrine makes it a most valuable drug and in this article the author discusses its development and withdrawal from general sale in America.

By HANNAH LEES

IN America they've stopped making benzedrine inhalers. Wholesalers are returning what supplies they have to the factory.

Local druggists may still have a few on hand, but chances are if you ask for a benzedrine inhaler anywhere in America your druggist will offer you a white plastic tube, remarkably like the one you expected, but labelled Benzedrex.

If you wanted the inhaler for a cold or hay fever, benzedrex, according to medical authorities, will serve just as well.

The drug inside a benzedrex inhaler won't wake you up, cheer you up, or pep you up. All it will do if you swallow it is make your mouth feel dry and puckered.

This is not suggesting that anyone would be silly enough to put to this use a medicinal tube intended to help colds.

But it is a fact that a lot of stupid and unhappy people have made such an experiment with benzedrine inhalers during the past 10 years, and occasionally had unfortunate results. This is the reason for the birth of benzedrex.

The passing of the benzedrine inhaler winds up a chapter of tragedy in the history of a drug so versatile that doctors prescribe it for obesity and alcoholism, for mental depression and barbiturate poisoning, for children with behaviour problems, and for that tired feeling in old age.

You may not have heard about these important medical uses for benzedrine.

You are more likely to have heard how it supposedly has created gael riots and artistic masterpieces, how college students have collapsed from taking it at exam time and how some aviators depended on it during the war.

Most of what has been written about benzedrine has made it sound like a combination of marijuana, caffeine, and synthetic sex hormone.

Benzedrine is neither a narcotic nor an aphrodisiac. It is a synthetic stimulant something like caffeine, but much more like ephedrine. Ephedrine is sometimes prescribed for hay fever and asthma.

Benzedrine is the trade name for a drug known officially as amphetamine.

The chemists who synthesized it were looking for a drug that would shrink the inflamed mucous mem-

brane of the nose without causing irritation.

They were prepared for its tendency to raise the blood pressure and to cause wakefulness, but not for the fact that it makes most people feel slightly "wonderful."

The experts have worked out elaborate tests, but they still can't find out why benzedrine makes people feel this way.

Here was a stimulant that could make you more alert and give you a grand feeling with less harmful side effects than any drug that had come out of the laboratory. Doctors saw it as a valuable aid in combating ailments involving fatigue, lassitude, and depression.

Paradoxically, it was benzedrine's comparatively harmless quality, coupled with a perverse streak in human nature, that caused its manufacturers all their trouble. Some people, finding that the drug made them feel "good" without doing any apparent harm, took more and more in the hope of feeling better and better.

But it doesn't work that way. Tremendous doses may give you jitters, symptoms of heart ailment, convulsions—or make you psychotic if you have such a tendency.

No sooner had word got round that benzedrine would make you act sharp and feel wonderful than some ingenious soul opened up his inhaler and found there was a way in which it could be taken internally in carefully worked out doses as a stimulant. The idea soon spread, and soon addicts were causing concern.

This was very distressing to the 100-year-old Quaker company that manufactures benzedrine in America. It did everything it could to foil the addicts. It experimented with an unbreakable iron inhaler, but it turned out that the drug could not be preserved in this type of container.

In States where the greatest misuse was reported, the company put a de-natured inhaler on the market—benzedrine combined with picric acid which made you sick if you swallowed it. But even this didn't seem to stop the real addict. Finally, the company decided to take the inhaler off the market and substitute a new one under the trade name of benzedrex. It has almost the same formula as benzedrine but without its side effects. Benzedrine in tablet form is still being manufactured of course.

Although some people are said to be addicted to benzedrine, the drug is frequently used to combat addiction to alcohol.



In the case of alcoholism, a doctor may give his patient ten milligrams of benzedrine first thing in the morning and again after lunch. The early-morning dose is the most important; the patient wakes up feeling terrible and wants a drink so that he can face the world. Benzedrine makes him feel capable of carrying on without a drink, and often fills him with such confidence and energy that he can manage without one all day.

One doctor gave benzedrine to 56 patients who had been alcoholics for an average of 16 years. Twenty-one became total abstainers and nearly all the others improved to a point of leading normal lives.

A purist might say this was just substituting one addiction for another, but there are very few cases of wife beating or furniture smashing under the influence of benzedrine. It is important to realise that benzedrine can't cure alcoholism, which is essentially a psychiatric condition, but, in conjunction with psychotherapy, it can be a very great help.

When benzedrine was discovered to be such a potent stimulant it seemed the answer to a rare but highly inconvenient disease called narcolepsy.

Narcolepsy causes its victim to drop off to sleep five or six times a day, no matter where he is, or what he's doing. Ephedrine and thyroid had been used, but benzedrine was found to keep the patient awake on much smaller doses.

It was through this treatment for narcolepsy that doctors discovered yet another use for benzedrine — weight reducing. Some narcoleptics complain that benzedrine took their appetite away. Looking into this, physiologists discovered that benzedrine delayed the emptying time of the stomach.

Doctors began giving benzedrine to their obese patients before each meal in conjunction with a rigid diet. There were some excellent results. One doctor reported that 300 patients who took the drug under his care lost an average of two pounds a week.

Not only does it allay physical hunger pangs, but benzedrine also is an aid in attacking the psychological problem which surrounds some cases of obesity. Some people overeat in order to get the satisfaction and comfort they cannot find in work or in their relations with other people. Benzedrine makes them feel so pleased with life they temporarily

forget their distress and stick to their diets.

Benzedrine, or other forms of amphetamine, is widely used in treating mental depression. A typical reaction of a patient who started the drug after being sunk in depression for weeks was: "To-day I feel almost my old self." No cure, but again a crutch to help unhappy, disturbed people out of the deepest ditch.

But here again doctors must use caution in prescribing the drug.

A potentially psychotic or violent person must not take it unless the doctor knows what is going on in his subconscious.

Making such a patient feel "strong," "vital," and "confident" may dangerously stir up his repressed violence.

Wild, intractable problem children, however, are a different case—they generally react satisfactorily to benzedrine.

Their bad behaviour is due largely to feelings of anxiety or inferiority. Filling these children with a sense of well-being, benzedrine temporarily overcomes their depressions, and allows a psychiatrist to make his approach.

Every day doctors are finding new situations in which benzedrine can be helpful. Some doctors are using

Valuable for many conditions

it successfully for menstrual cramps. Others report that it helps children overcome bed-wetting.

Over 1500 scientific papers have been published as a result of experiments with the drug. Controlled tests indicate that five or ten milligrams of benzedrine will delay the average person's need for sleep for from six to eight hours and heighten his capacity for attention so that he can do about 10 per cent. better on a psychological test than he could do normally.

It won't increase his reasoning powers or open to him sudden vistas of knowledge. It will simply heighten his alertness and therefore his confidence.

Students taking benzedrine can memorise words in a foreign language faster than students who have not had the drug, but they can't retain the words as long.

Although too few students are impressed by the fact, benzedrine is not a substitute for sleep. It simply puts off that need for six to eight hours. Then a person must catch up.

A college student who has taken a couple of benzedrine tablets in order to cram all night will begin to feel tired by morning. So he may take another tablet to get through the exam, then one more to study all night for the next exam.

When he collapses it is more likely to be the result of simple exhaustion than the toxic effect of the drug.

Many students might pass their exams with higher grades and no ill effects if they used benzedrine strictly according to regulations set up by the Army.

A U.S. War Department circular letter issued by the Surgeon-General in 1943 stated: "The large-scale use of benzedrine is essentially a command decision . . . It is the responsibility of commanding officers that personnel are instructed in the use of the drug and that it is administered under the supervision of medical officers."

Men were being pushed beyond their endurance. Often their lives depended on their making an effort after they had reached the point of exhaustion. To quote from the War Department letter again, benzedrine was used "in task problems continuing from 18 to 36 hours without opportunity for sleep . . . (and in) missions carried on by isolated parachute troops or soldiers over a period of 48 hours." For these emergencies, benzedrine was issued in waterproof packets of six tablets of five milligrams each.

It is doubtful that our aviators used benzedrine while they were actually in combat, although German dive-bomber pilots were said to use pervitin, which is a similar drug. But benzedrine was certainly used to keep our men awake on their long flights back to bases.

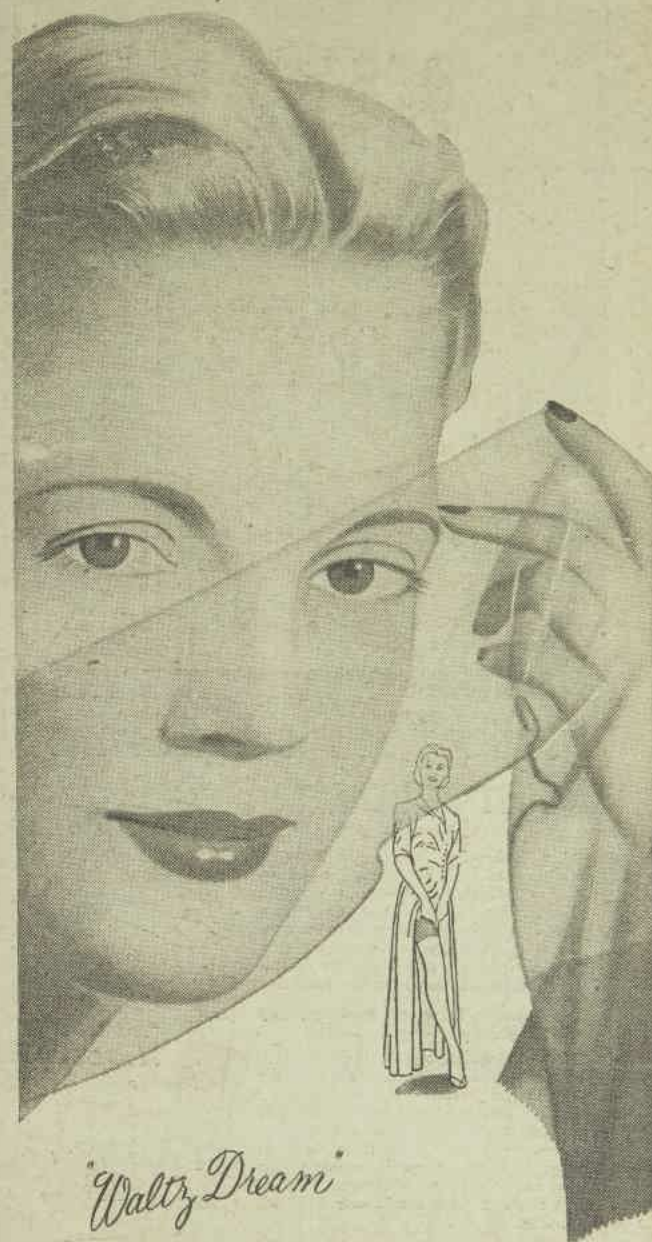
What all this adds up to is that benzedrine is an extremely valuable drug which the puritan in us quite rightly fears, knowing that the pleasure-loving instinct in us may make us go overboard for it.

Small doses, however, can give you a lift without hindering your judgment.

And a time may come when people take benzedrine in a suitably flavored drink for breakfast instead of coffee or tea, and before luncheon conferences instead of a cocktail.

But until that time comes, remember that it requires a prescription and with good reason. If you feel depressed and exhausted or are approaching some terrific mental ordeal, go see your doctor.

LEGAL SALE.
These benzedrine tablets are being sold over a chemist's counter in N.S.W., the only State where their sale is legal. While many chemists, like this one, will supply them only on a doctor's prescription, attention is being given to the dangers of casual sale of drugs such as benzedrine, caffeine, dexadrine, and nembutal.



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JUNKETS



**6
LUSCIOUS
FLAVOURS!**

Raspberry
Pineapple
Strawberry
Cherry
Fruit Salad
Vanilla
Plain Variety



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Completely detailed plans for parties... dinners... teas... plans that are practical and easy to follow, making entertaining a delight, are contained in *The Australian Women's Weekly "Cookery for Parties"*. The food schemes not only delight the eye and palate, but are essentially practical and economical. Anyone intending to entertain will find this book invaluable. "Cookery for Parties" is on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls, 2/-.

AFTER a moment, Mrs. Parminter went on: "Of course, Tonks is a rough diamond. Don't be put off by that. I was a little surprised myself. He seems to have stopped shaving since we went to sea, and it certainly hasn't improved him. He looked such a gentleman in his navy pin-stripe."

The man who presently came along the deck towards them, after Mrs. Parminter had called an order for tea, was tall and loosely put together, and he walked with a queer loping grace. Warily, like some wild animal, thought Susan. His unshaven chin certainly did not improve him.

Otherwise he would have been handsome. His wind-blown hair curled like astrakhan, very black and shining. His eyes had a wary glint in them. His whole demeanor was somehow careful. He looked at the girl quietly and then lowered his gaze. Susan was surprised to see a cigarette hanging from his lip. He set down the tea-tray he was carrying.

"Anything else?"
"Not at the moment," Mrs. Parminter told him. "You might cast off and take her out. I'll be up to stand the wheel presently, while you get some tea. This is my niece, Miss Crichton."

He raised his eyes to the girl again in a quick look, and in that moment Mrs. Parminter had a queer memory. What made her think, all of a sudden, of the way her late husband, Harry Parminter, had looked at an unopened bottle of gin?

Susan saw nothing amiss. When he had gone, she said, "Louise! How beautiful! He looks like a pirate—or a panther."

"It's a pity he doesn't shave more," said Mrs. Parminter uneasily. "I shall have to speak to him presently about smoking, too. I suppose I didn't make my wishes quite clear. We left in such a hurry. He handles the yacht wonderfully, and you can see what a good man he is with a paintbrush, and, after all, he lost his wife in an accident."

That at least was a respectable thing to do, she comforted herself.

Presently the summer sea was a strip of steel under a golden moon. Susan stood, her feet apart, her golden-red curls blowing, and took a turn at the wheel. Mrs. Parminter prepared the evening meal in the little cabin.

Kipper Tonks was somewhere aft, whistling tunelessly. The girl could see him, outlined against the sky, the tip of his cigarette making another star.

"Fancy Louise allowing him to smoke on board!" she thought, amazed. Tobacco was one of Mrs. Parminter's phobias. She hated the smell of it, and yet there it was. Blowing straight down into the little saloon.

"She's afraid of him." The knowledge came to Susan suddenly, but she put it away. It couldn't be. Louise wasn't afraid of anything, or anyone. That was part of her charm.

"I'm crazy to think of it," mused Susan, setting her course by a star. She giggled suddenly. Supposing he was a pirate. What fun that would be.

All through her childhood she had longed for real adventure. How much better this was than stewing away at an exam. you could not possibly hope to pass, in an atmosphere of dust, red ink, and yesterday's cabbage.

"If I tried for a hundred years, I could never pass in Maths," she had said to her grandmother, after the last dismal failure.

"A girl," Mrs. Parminter assured

Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 4

her comfortably, "does not need Maths. I never got beyond long division myself, and I'm pretty shaky at that. In this world there is always some man at hand when there is a sum to be done. Or you can hire an accountant."

Susan thought of her distant parents with affection. They would have heard the worst by now. Of course they would be very angry with Louise, but then they were usually angry with her, in an amused sort of fashion. In the end they always made it up.

This was well worth risking the displeasure of her parents—a summer night and the stars and a soft salt breeze in your hair; and a pleasant smell of one of Louise's superb omelettes coming from the galley. She had learnt how to make them in Mont St. Michel.

They dropped anchor for the night in the shelter of a cove. Susan, her hands in her pockets, watched Kipper fix the lights. He jumped down beside her, looked at her, and then dropped his gaze.

"There we are. All tickety-boo!" he said.

From the door of the cabin, Mrs. Parminter watched her granddaughter help him to coil rope. Almost for the first time in her life, she doubted the wisdom of what she had done. She had kept on thinking of Susan as a child, and Susan was no longer a child.

All in a few moments, all in a twinkling, or so it appeared to Mrs. Parminter, she had changed from a fairy-like little thing with tank hair

being too friendly with him, because until this trip she had always encouraged her to be friendly and natural with everyone. A social rebel herself, she had coached her granddaughter in the same theories.

"Half the trouble in this world comes from mankind's suspicions of men," she had said. Susan, an apt pupil, would not have forgotten. "But woman's suspicion of women is usually well founded," she had added. Yes, perhaps the advice she had given the girl had not always been of the best.

"I'll wait until we put into Salcombe," Mrs. Parminter thought. "Then I'll have a word with him. I'll ask to see his papers. I'll tell him I can't have all this smoking on board. I will tell him that though he is certainly efficient, I think an older man would be better. It would not have mattered had I been alone, or Susan as young as I kept thinking she was. Now, it's different."

She dreamed, seeing in her mind a vision of the older man. Kind, quiet, a non-smoker, with a shock of reliable white hair. She smiled, wistfully realising that whenever she pictured to herself the entirely wise and reliable older man, it was the face of Neil Coniston she saw. Even after all these years.

The dashing young lieutenant was a very senior officer now. They had met at intervals through the years, rather distantly, but, though he was always offhanded and disapproving with her now, one feather still waved in Mrs. Parminter's bonnet. He had never married.

"It wouldn't have been any good," she thought. "I would never have made an admiral's wife!"

Did Kipper never go to bed, she wondered uneasily. Long after their lights were out, she heard him prowling about, tinkering in the stores and ballast tanks. What on earth was he doing?

Thank goodness Susan was in the inner cabin, beyond her own. Otherwise, thought Mrs. Parminter, facing the worst, I would never have an easy moment or get a wink of sleep. Dear me, whatever am I coming to? Such ideas!

The day broke sunny and warm, the sea like satin. The yacht skimmed lazily west-south-west over the blue water. Kipper stood his wheel, the inevitable cigarette dangling, jerking up and down in a revolting manner as he talked out of one corner of his mouth to Susan who sat beside him.

"Don't get too friendly with him, dear," said Mrs. Parminter urgently at lunchtime, doing what she told herself she would not do, but still unable to control her own odd uneasiness. "After all, we know very little about him. And I do detect that cigarette."

"Why don't you tell him not to then?" Susan asked in surprise. "I've never known you not to tell people just what you wanted."

"I know. I'll tell him when we get to Salcombe. In the meantime I wouldn't be down there too much."

"Louise! How unlike you. What you've always said..." It was true enough. She always had said it. You didn't look for trouble; you seldom found it. She had also said, and believed, that women could look after their own in any situation if they had a mind to.

She thought, "I'm getting old. It had to come. I just don't want to scene with him. It's a sure sign of age, when you begin to avoid scenes. Why, I used to enjoy them."

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to a singularly well-developed young woman, with a mop of red-gold curls, shapely legs, and an enchanting smile.

The knowledge had come home to Mrs. Parminter like a slap, as she helped the girl out of her dingy school clothes and lent her slacks and a sweater. Time was when Mrs. Parminter's clothes had been too large for Susan. Now, in some places, they were almost too small.

There had been a glint in the young man's eyes in that moment when he had looked at her that Mrs. Parminter did not like. She did not like it at all, and she knew she had been very wrong to take the girl from her finishing school, wreck her parents' plans for her, and throw her together with this person, about whom, she now faced the unpalatable fact, she knew nothing.

"I should have looked at his identity card, or got a personal reference," she thought, facing all at once a number of doubts she had firmly ignored until this moment.

What was Susan doing down there in the stern with him, anyway? She went to look. He was proudly showing her the engines, which he took an immense amount of trouble in keeping clean and polished. This seemed to Mrs. Parminter a waste of time, since they had no petrol.

It would not, she knew, be very easy for her to warn Susan against

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 3, 1949

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MEMORIES of glor-

ious fights of other days suddenly crowded Mrs. Parminster's mind. Fights she had always won. In this mellow and softened mood, she thought of her daughter, probably worrying herself sick over her child. Yes, I was wrong this time, she mused. I ought not to have taken her away.

"Susan, I've been thinking . . ."

They were working together on the deck, splicing a piece of rope. How pretty she is, thought Mrs. Parminster. I had no idea she would turn out as pretty as this. Her heart swelled up with pride.

"Look, darling," she said, "perhaps you ought to go back and have a shot at this examination next week. Perhaps I was wrong to take you away just now!"

Susan turned on her a face of blank horror.

"Louise! You wouldn't let me down, after all these years? You're the one person I've always felt I could really rely on, who was on my side, and would back me up. You can't go over to the enemy now."

"I'm beginning to wonder if I was quite right . . ."

"You're having qualms," said Susan, "and the one thing you have always told me is that there is nothing so terrible as a dithering woman with qualms. When you have taken a decision, stand to your guns and never look back. Who said that?"

"I did. I know I did," said Mrs. Parminster unhappily. "When you were a child it all seemed quite reasonable and easy. Now I'm not so sure I have any right. Look, let's compromise! We'll telephone through to your parents from Salcombe and tell them you're with me."

"They'll know that," Susan said indifferently. "I never run away with anyone else."

"We'll go up to town by train," Mrs. Parminster went on hurriedly. "You shall finish your school term, Tonks can do the rest of the painting, and then, when the holidays start, we'll go off again. What do you say to the Western Isles?"

"There's only one bright spot in

the hideous suggestion," Susan said. "I don't think Miss Turnbull will have me back. Oh Louise, why do you have to be like this? I want you to be carefree and daredevil like you usually are . . . I don't see why the fact that I have grown up a bit should make all this difference."

Mrs. Parminster noted that they were making good time. The wind freshened a little towards the end of the afternoon. The white yacht skimmed over the water.

Now they could see the coast towns clearly and the gold and silver of the beaches and little lines of breakers like lace frills on a tablecloth. Buildings were piled up there on the cliffs like sugar lumps.

"Oh," thought Mrs. Parminster affectionately, "there's no place like England," and she thought perhaps she ought to stay in it more. It gave her an odd feeling of confidence that they were now in sight of land, and she faced facts squarely.

"I don't like the man," she said to herself. "I don't believe he is on the level, and I think he took me in. I don't believe he ever had a wife. He has a very unmarried look. After this, I am going to be a lot more careful. Andrew is quite right."

Susan said, "Tonks is most interesting to talk to, Louise. He's done all manner of amazing things. I can't imagine why you don't like him. I would have thought he was just the kind you would have liked. Natural and uninhibited and free. He told me some of his experiences in the Army."

"The Army? But he told me he was in the Navy."

"Oh, well, perhaps he was a marine. Anyway, he's been around. I can tell you. Once when he was in the West Indies . . ."

Mrs. Parminster listened in silence to the bombastic tale and her heart sank even lower. She tried to make her comments sound bright and interested. She had no desire to infect the girl with her own odd sense of danger and urgency.

Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 24

After all, she told herself, I may be wronging him. Perhaps I am suffering from a deranged digestion. A long life had taught her that woman's instinct was not always the entirely reliable instrument she had once supposed it to be, and that, if sought, a more natural explanation of misgivings is often near at hand.

They anchored for the night, and she saw with thankfulness the lights of Salcombe already twinkling on the horizon, a line of domesticated stars.

Really, she thought, we might almost have made it to-night. An hour or so, if the wind held, would bring them into harbor, and never before had she wished so passionately to lie safely moored alongside a nice quay, with plenty of other people within hailing distance.

IT struck Mrs. Parminster that Kipper seemed different to-night. He looked flushed and defiantly gay. The hired hand always ate in the cabin with them when they were at anchor. There wasn't enough space on the yacht for separate meals and, anyway, until now, it had always been against Mrs. Parminster's principles.

"I have no class consciousness," she was wont to announce.

To-night she sensed something different in his attitude, even before he fished a flat bottle from his hip pocket and poured himself a hand-some portion, filling the little cabin with the harsh smell of rum.

"You told me you were a total abstainer," she accused him icily.

"So I am," he said, laughing. "But you never asked me what it was I totally abstained from. Be honest, now, did you? I've abstained from all kinds of things. Regular work is one of them." He winked at Susan.

Mrs. Parminster thought of the comforting lights of Salcombe, so close at hand, and controlled herself as she had never done before.

"Have some? Might cheer you up a bit." He poked the bottle at her.

"No, thank you."

The meal wasn't a comfortable one. Susan and Kipper laughed a good deal and made bright conversation, but it was all rather forced. When at last Tonks had gone, pausing in the doorway to light a cigarette and give them the full benefit of its smell, Susan turned to her with a worried frown.

"Darling, what is wrong with you?" she asked. "I've never known you beastly to anyone before. You were perfectly beastly to poor Kipper. He's all right, Louise, really he is. You have always told me that the positive vices are infinitely preferable to the negative virtues. Well, I'm sure Kipper has lots of positive vices."

"I am beginning to think he may have them all," said Mrs. Parminster. Horrified, she thought, "A little more, and I'd cry!" Perhaps there was nothing in it at all. Perhaps it was just the moon. Time had taught her that she always felt highly strung and nervous when the moon was in its first quarter.

Susan gave a little gay laugh.

"There's one thing, darling. He told me last night he had no interest in women under forty and over fifty-five. That lets both of us out."

Mrs. Parminster shuddered. I suppose I'm entirely to blame for her way of talking, she thought. Never mind. To-morrow we'll put an end to all this. I'll phone Andrew and Dilys. I'll tell them I realise I've been wrong. I'll get an older man, a much older man.

Susan said, "About this exam, darling. Even if Miss Turnbull will have me back, do you really think it's worth while my making another quite abortive effort to do what I shall never do?"

"You'd better, Susan. After all, it will only take a week."

"After which, if I do what Mother and Father want me to, I buckle to and learn shorthand and typewriting."

FOR the moment

Mrs. Parminster forgot her good intentions. "That, I consider, really is a mistake," she declared. "Once a girl becomes a competent shorthand typist she is in a rut for the rest of her life. No one ever parts with an efficient secretary, and she remains forever assisting some man to do a job she would probably do much better herself."

"Darling, that's much more like you. Do go on!"

"I have always thought," Mrs. Parminster continued, "what a good thing it would be if government officials and big business executives changed places with their secretaries and so let a little commonsense into legislation and trade."

She recollected herself suddenly. "Oh, dear, I ought not to say such things to you. Better forget . . ."

"I certainly won't forget. You've always said I am you all over again, well, so I am! I bet you didn't pay much attention to Great-Grand-mamma's plans for you!"

That's how it is, Mrs. Parminster thought. Your chickens come home to roost. She sighed.

"You are quite right. I didn't. But now that I am old enough to know the ends of stories, as well as their beginnings, I am not always sure that I was always right."

"You mean you sometimes wish you had married that sailor they wanted you to?"

"He would probably have kept me in my place and looked after me. Women want to be looked after, in their heart of hearts, however much they behave to the contrary."

They had wanted her to marry Neil Coniston. He had been a first lieutenant on a destroyer then. Laughing blue eyes and his cap at a rakish angle. But she had chosen for herself, Harry!

Whenever she thought of him, she saw also in her mind a gin bottle, and Harry making for it as if it were a magnet drawing him. "I know best what I want," she had cried defiantly. But years later she sometimes wondered . . .

Please turn to page 28

... such Pretty Wings

When things go right, when life is sunny and the skies ahead are blue—then the wings of time are butterfly wings, gay and carefree. That's when it's easy to forget that every passing moment brings us closer to the added responsibilities, the increased personal needs, the possible emergencies which come to most people sooner or later . . .

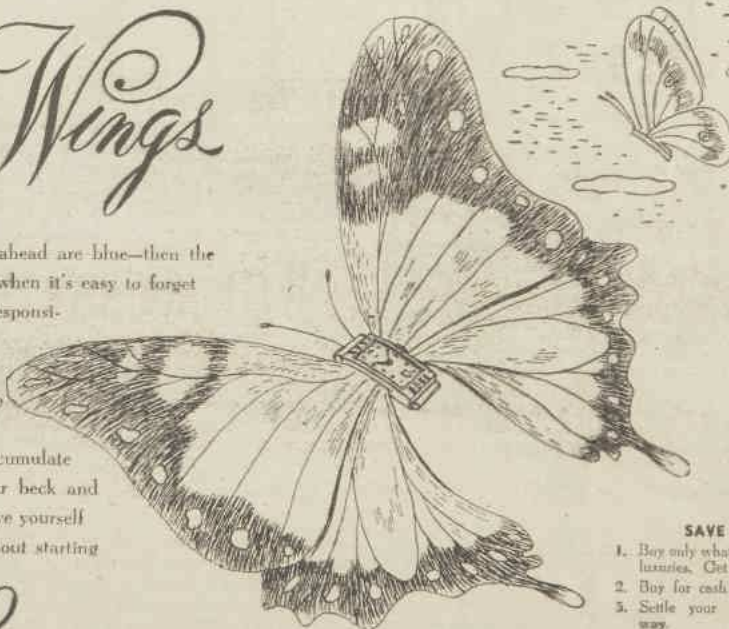
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When you save regularly, systematically, you steadily accumulate worthwhile sums—money which will be always at your beck and call, whatever your needs . . . That's the only sure way to give yourself the future you want . . . Don't let any more time flit by without starting a serious saving plan.

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Authorized by the Treasurer of the Commonwealth.

TEENA

By
HILDA TERRY
Rugged Sport



ELISABET NEY

WILDLY repenting motherhood at first, Elisabet Ney began to plan an even more ambitious future for her son than she had planned for herself.

But after she and Edmund bought Liendo, a plantation in Texas, and moved there in 1873, the baby died.

The macabre events of the night of his death became a legend among the Texans.

Elisabet shut herself in her studio at Liendo with her dead child, and spent the night modelling his tiny body in clay.

Then, unable to endure the idea of burying her child, she took the body to one of the huge open fireplaces, made a funeral pyre.

She collected the ashes, placed them in a leather pouch and left the room, never to enter it again.

The simple Texan settlers were horrified.

Elisabet's upbringing of her second son, Lorne, made her the laughing stock of Texas, for she dressed him first in silk and velvets, then in flowing Grecian robes, would not allow him to associate with the village children.

Meanwhile, by doing portraits of notable Texas men, she began to make a reputation in Texas for her sculpture, as well as her eccentricity.

In 1895, 22 years after she and Edmund sailed for America, Elisabet returned to Europe, where she soon

Continued from page 18

found herself feted by old friends and new young artists.

But Europe was no longer home to her, and she was glad at last to return to Texas, where people looked from all over the country to see her at work in the Grecian-style studio she had built at Austin and called Formosa.

Elisabet's star began to shine again. Her fame was spreading as swiftly through the New World as it had in the Old, and what had once been regarded as sinister peculiarities were now accepted as the marks of genius.

Famous travellers, passing through, called upon her. Pavlova, Padecrewski, Caruso made her friends.

Local curiosity

INVITATIONS to Formosa began to be coveted by local people.

Passing by Formosa they always hoped to catch a glimpse of Elisabet canoeing on the little lake in front of her studio, attended by Horace, the handsome young Indian she employed, or better still Elisabet falling out of the canoe after injudiciously standing to instruct Horace in the art of canoeing.

Or they noted her four-day journeys out to Liendo to visit Edmund, who continued to live on the old

• Further interesting details of the strange career of Elisabet Ney will be found in "Elisabet Ney," by Jan Fortune and Joan Burton; and "Elisabet Ney, Sculptor," by Bride Neill Taylor.

plantation. She would drive the hundred miles alone in her two-wheel gig, or go by train and walk the five miles from the station.

Her hats were a further source of delight. The one thing she required of a hat was that it must fit so closely that she could sleep in it without it coming off. She put each new model through this test, and if it did not remain on all night returned it in the morning, refusing to pay for it.

When she occasionally consented to address women's clubs she was a star turn. With her perfect sense of drama she took good care to wear as many as possible of her royal gifts. Her audience found these as fascinating as her talks.

By the time she died in 1907 Elisabet had no enemies left in Texas, and the funeral ceremony was almost a state occasion.

She was not buried in Austin but out at Liendo. Edmund buried her under a grove of oaks they had planted 30 years before.

Within four years he too lay under the oaks beside the woman who had placed him so often in impossible situations, but whom he never ceased to love.

Keen on Swimming?



Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry for the natural oils which sun, salt water and wind draw from your scalp! If you don't replace these oils then you're in for DRY SCALP and "HUNGRY HAIR".

Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplement the natural scalp oils and guard against

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Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.



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Double care — both Scalp and Hair



CS-5



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BATH DUSTING POWDER (BRC27). Gift box of Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne Bath Dusting Powder with lambs-wool puff—4/11.



EAU DE COLOGNE GIFT SET (BRC119). Containing 1749 Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne and Toilet Soap—box 4/6.



TOILET SOAP (L102). Special gift box of Original Mitcham Lavender Toilet Soap—4/6.



TALCUM POWDER (L104). Original Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder—tin 2/3.



LIQUID BATH SALTS (L503). Especially designed gift size bottle of Original Mitcham Lavender Liquid Bath Salts—13/6. Other sizes 7/6, 4/3, 2/9.

Attractive Novelty GIFTS



Unique Gondola container of Mitcham Lavender Water, 3/9. Lamp-shade bottle containing Mitcham Lavender Water (L895) 3/9... Eau de Cologne 3/9... Oriental Poppy 5/6... Violet 5/6.



EAU DE COLOGNE (BRC5). Popular 1749 Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne gift bottle, 15/-. Other sizes 3/3, 4/9, 9/6, 18/6.

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English creators of fine perfumery for 200 years.



For him—also see Potter & Moore's range of gift sets of toiletries for men.

On Display at all Chemists and Stores.

Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 26

MRS. PARMINTER'S thoughts were interrupted by Susan's voice saying laughingly, "Louise, you know very well you would hate to be looked after and ordered around."

Susan slipped her arm round her grandmother's waist. They stood side by side in the prow, looking out over the darkened sea, lit by the come-and-go of the lighthouse on the headland.

"Your waist isn't any larger than mine," said Susan admiringly.

"No," said Mrs. Parminter, bitterly. "Perhaps it's a pity. Perhaps wise women put on weight with riper years, as an anchor. Perhaps Nature knows best."

They turned to go down to the cabin. The lighthouse sent a long finger of light that rested for a moment on the wheelhouse, and then swept across the sea, putting them back into darkness again. In that brief moment Mrs. Parminter saw the long, lanky figure of Kipper, wearing an ancient, stained duffle coat, leaning up against the wheelhouse—watching them.

With a little shiver, she hurried Susan below. The girl hadn't seen him. Some instinct she couldn't put a name to made Mrs. Parminter lock her door and put a chair and a suitcase up against it.

The night seemed interminable to her, and when at last morning came thin mist had hidden the land, but she knew it must soon clear, for a little breeze was already filling the sail. Seabirds crying spoke of land not far away. The air was full of the comfortable smell of frying bacon. In the galley, Susan prepared the breakfast.

Kipper had the wheel. He stood there, his legs apart, the inevitable cigarette dangling, peering with narrowed eyes ahead.

Mrs. Parminter never knew just when she became aware of something amiss. The sun, coming through the mist, should have been on their port bow. Instead, it was shining straight into her face. Through the rift, as the summer fog broke and lifted, she saw, with a sudden sick jolt at her heart, that the land had disappeared.

"Why have you changed course?" Her voice sounded brittle and sharp in her own ears. Try as she would, she knew she could not keep it steady. "This isn't the way into Salcombe!"

He grinned at her, the cigarette dancing about on his lower lip as he spoke. Then he looked down in the demure way she had come to hate.

"We're not going into Salcombe, lady," he said.

Sensible women, Mrs. Parminter knew, do not faint in crises. But it cost her something not to. She turned from him without a word, and walked down to the stern. She stood there for a moment, pulling herself together.

The pleasant bacon smell floated up from the galley, but now it did not make her feel hungry any longer. It made her feel sick.

It was then that she realised what Kipper had been about as he moved around after dark. The name had been painted in black letters on the lifebelts and along the stern again. But it wasn't the same name. The Golden Dawn, she read, feeling dizzy, in place of Morning Glory.

"I can only think, Tonks, that you are mad." She had full control of herself when she joined him again. "You must realise this is a criminal offence. If you get caught..."

"I don't mean to get caught," he said. "I've had plenty of practice. You can't have been on the run for years, as I have, without knowing a thing or two."

"On the run?" she echoed faintly. "Yes. The Army was one of the

things I was a total abstainer from. I've always been lucky," he said softly, "but the best bit of luck I ever got was you, on that Portsmouth train."

He threw his cigarette end into the sea and dettily lit another. So that was it... a deserter!

She said, "Where are you making for?"

It would be easy enough if it was France. They could drop him and turn back. They could get the yacht back between them all right, from France.

"Mediterranean," said Kipper, laconically. "Via coast of Spain."

"You're mad. We haven't the stores."

"Oh, haven't we?" He laughed unpleasantly. The wind dropped. The sail hung, flapping, loose, over the water. She watched him bring it down and furl it neatly. She watched his slim, clever hands fix the ropes.

"Come and take a look."

The yacht was provisioned for a six months' cruise. Mrs. Parminter knew that after one look into the store. The sunk well was stacked with tins of petrol, the water tanks were full.

"Take another look." He opened up the ballast. There, packed close, was a load of arms and ammunition.

Mrs. Parminter felt faint. "Where did you get those?" she demanded. "Never you mind where I got them. Pal of mine will be waiting when we get to the coast of Spain. He'll take them off us. If you want to make money quick, that's the way to do it these days!"

"You're mad, quite mad. We haven't got any papers. If we're stopped..."

"What do you take me for? Wait till I get the engine going, and I'll show you whether we have any papers. Hi, kid!"

AS Susan came out of the galley, Mrs. Parminter got her second shock of the morning. Susan needed no careful preparation for this news, Susan knew all about it already!

"Get aft," said Kipper. "I'm starting up the engine. You take the wheel and don't forget what I told you last night. You're the crew and I'm the skipper. And it's jump to it when I speak."

"Aye, aye, sir," Susan said, laughing. "Oh, Louise, isn't this fun?"

"Fun!" said Mrs. Parminter faintly.

Tonks spread the papers on the table in the little saloon, among the breakfast things. As far as anyone could see, they were all in order. Susan was entered as Mrs. Tonks, owner's wife.

"The one they will be looking for doesn't happen to be called Tonks. Nor is he a married man," Tonks explained. "And you will be surprised to learn that you are my dear old mother."

He gave her a playful spank as she leaned over the papers on the table. "This is just a pleasure cruise like anyone might take. If we're stopped, I shall know how to handle it. And anyone trying to double-cross me won't live to regret it much. See?"

He pushed his empty cup away from him and leaned back, tilting his chair. That red bull neck should have told me something, she thought.

"You don't have to worry about the kid, even though she is down here as my wife," he went on. "I'll not harm her. That's not the sort of thing I'm interested in, as it happens. Nor you, neither, though if you'd been a few years younger, I'll wager you'd have given a man a run for his money."

Please turn to page 30

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 3, 1949

HAZEL

BUTCH



"Another reason why he's getting my vote..."



"Don't take down any more of his confessions! I recognise it now. It's all from a movie Humphrey Bogart played in."

It seems to me....

THE Christmas advertisements show, this year as in other years, a regrettable tendency to provide Santa Claus with modern transport.

Some depict him as having arrived at retail stores by plane, an idea which may have been novel back in the days of the Wright brothers, but, frankly, seems pretty corny today.

Modern children, reared to the sound of aeroplane engines, surely share this view.

But the world is so upside down that it's no use being merely critical. You have to look for causes, and I saw the other day an item possibly explaining the scarcity of reindeer for Santa Claus.

It appears that a Reindeer Council has been formed in Britain to raise the animals for meat.

Furthermore, a friend back from America tells me that when she was invited to dinner by a famous actress and her husband, she was promised a rare dish, something she would never have eaten before.

She wondered nervously all day what it might be, and then, for dessert, mind you, there was placed before her Reindeer Pie! It was made from reindeer steak and sweetened.

My friend says it was probably very nice if you like that kind of thing. But what with being unused to meat for dessert, and the extreme novelty of the dish, she decided she would rather have her reindeer in the sky than in a pie.

A BIG effort is being made by the Liberal Party during this election campaign to abolish the idea that Mr. Menzies was born to the purple.

Mr. Thompson, a Liberal M.L.C. in New South Wales, pointed out at a meeting that Mr. Menzies was the son of a small storekeeper, grandson of a miner, and got his education through scholarships.

It's a symptom of class-consciousness in reverse, reminds me of Marghaneta Laski's book, "Love on the Supertax," a novel that paints the awful predicament of the daughter of an impoverished duke who fell in love with a worker.

The romance never comes to anything because the lad's mother is snobbish about the duke's daughter. "It takes three generations to make a worker," she says.

NOTICE that egg-throwing during this election campaign seems to be more prevalent in the country.

Mr. Fadden's egg was thrown at Griffith, and similar missiles were directed at Communist candidate W. E. Gollan at Gannam.

These eggs must be home products which have never passed through the hands of the Egg Board.

With eggs at 3/2½ per dozen, the practice seems not only unmannerly, but extravagant, whatever the party the target represents.

THE British Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, Mr. Philip Noel Baker, said recently that it would be a good idea to exchange 10,000 British cooks for 10,000 French cooks to boost the tourist trade. French cooks would work wonders with British food, he said.

Seems a bit hard on the French tourist trade, doesn't it?



Dorothy Drain

THE British soldier who was given 112 days detention because he refused to make a parachute jump has my sympathy.

I know that soldiers are expected to be brave, but it is one thing to be brave in the heat of battle and another to be brave in peacetime.

I never take a plane trip without speculating on how much money would be required to tempt me to make a parachute jump in cold blood. As nobody is ever likely to make the offer, I am pretty safe in these speculations.

The amount varies according to the current state of my finances, though it tends, in these inflationary days, to rise steadily with each plane trip.

The case of the British soldier reminds me of a dark suspicion I've always had—that one day equality for women may go further than the more craven types among us really care for.

There is some selfish comfort in reflecting that by the time absolute equality of obligation as well as rights comes along I shall be too old for military service and safe from that parachute jump.

THERE'S a lot of commonsense behind an edict at Harlesden, England, that policewomen dealing with juvenile delinquents must be smartly dressed.

Welfare workers say that most young girl delinquents—and boys for that matter—are of fairly low intelligence.

Since their imaginations are limited, it's difficult to convince them that a law-abiding and conventional life offers more possibilities of long-range happiness.

If the woman who is trying to save them from a life on the streets looks smart and attractive, her appearance forms a much better argument for an orthodox way of earning a living than if she appears dowdy.

NEWEST fashions in clothes and make-up overseas point to the return of the "It Girl" of the 'twenties, with straight lines in figures, short hair-dos, and long cigarette holders.

The "It Girls" of the 'twenties, they ran straight up and down. With curves replaced by angles that caused many a mother's frown.

Their chests went in, instead of out, their skirts just touched the knees. They were the Dancing Daughters with manners bold and free.

Then Rudolph was a wrecker and Clara Bow the rage. And little girls read "Flaming Youth," devouring every page. And while the critics thundered, the flappers had their day.

Time marches on; those flappers now are going rather grey.

The "It Girls" of the 'fifties may prove to be as deft at altering their figures, but of some things they're bereft:

How can they shock their grandmas who, instead of shouting "Sin!"

Will simply shake their heads and say, "This is where we came in."

HAVE YOU TRIED Quink?

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Ordinary high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles. That's why Parker scientists developed Quink containing a secret protective solvent. You can get Quink in blue-black, permanent-blue, green, red and purple, as well as Royal Blue Washable, for school and home use in 2 oz. and 4 oz. bottles. On sale everywhere.



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QUICK-EZE quickly relieve HEARTBURN



The quick tempo of modern living, "nerves," emotional upsets, snatched meals, and worry are all causes of indigestion. Heartburn is one of the most common symptoms of digestive disturbance. Although not an illness, heartburn should be regarded as a serious matter and immediately relieved with a couple of Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets.

Five IMPORTANT PHARMACEUTICALS SPEEDILY RELIEVE INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, STOMACH ACIDITY, DYSPEPSIA AND ALL OTHER DIGESTIVE DISORDERS

Quick-Eze contain Magnesium Trisilicate, Calcium Carbonate, Magnesium Carbonate, Pure Oil of Peppermint and Glucose—combined in a scientifically balanced formula of British Pharmacopoeia Codex Standard. Prepared and hygienically packed by a uniquely modern process. Quick-Eze are spill-proof, dust-proof and stay active to the last one.



QUICK-EZE 6^D PER PKT.
for INDIGESTION

... EXCESS STOMACH ACID,
NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA,
AFTER-MEAL
PAINS

Regard these symptoms as Nature's Warnings!

Never ignore after-meal pains. Long neglect of heartburn, flatulence, drowsiness after eating, "sourness," signs of excess acidity, uncomfortable fullness and loss of appetite can lead to chronic dyspepsia and even ulcers. At the slightest sign of after-meal discomfort, take one or two Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets—and keep on taking them after every meal to prevent any form of indigestion.

QUICK-EZE ARE CONVENIENT TO TAKE. PLEASANT-TASTING. QUICK-ACTING!

No mixing. No glasses of water, no spoons or fuss. No unpleasant draughts to swallow. Quick-Eze supersede outmoded medicines. Simply nip off a Quick-Eze Tablet or two from its spill-proof wrap and pop them into your mouth—inconspicuously and without embarrassment. Quick-Eze will give you relief in seconds!

KEEP QUICK-EZE always handy in vest pocket or handbag. A packet of Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets takes up no more room than a fountain pen or lipstick. This pack is spillproof, dustproof and 100% hygienic.

QUICK-EZE ANTACID TABLETS relieve Travel Sickness!

Never be without a packet of Quick-Eze when travelling. In train or 'plane, or long car journeys, or aboard ship, you can prevent nausea or travel sickness by occasionally taking one or two Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets. They'll keep you feeling "settled" and comfortable inside. Be sure you carry Quick-Eze on your next journey. Quick-Eze are the only antacid tablets which combine to such a degree completely effective pharmaceuticals with the pleasing flavour of fresh mint leaves.

Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 28

THIS is where I must keep my temper, thought Mrs. Parminter, holding on to herself, resisting with difficulty a longing to hit Tonks over the head with a chair.

He jerked his thumb to the door. "Now get out, and send the kid along for her grub. And no monkey business, see? I'll soon know if you change course."

Mrs. Parminter stood in the doorway, her face grim.

"Don't you see what you're doing?" she said. "My son and his wife are bound to make inquiries. There'll be a search."

"For the Morning Glory," he pointed out. "Quite a different cup of tea."

Mrs. Parminter could make no reply. Later, as she watched Susan, she realised that the girl had no real grasp of the situation. Young and high-spirited, she knew without any doubt that, though disaster often overtook other people, nothing like that could happen to her. She looked on it all as a magnificent lark.

"You knew," said Mrs. Parminter, not very steadily. "You knew he was going to do this?"

"He told me last night! Oh, Louise, darling, don't be angry. It's such fun. I've always wanted something like this to happen, and now it has. Don't spoil it all by minding too much."

"Where do you think we're going?" Mrs. Parminter asked grimly.

"I don't know. I didn't ask him. Just running round a bit, he said."

So she didn't know! Mrs. Parminter stood, the wheel in her hand, slowly coming to. The engine ran smooth and sweet under her feet. Perhaps it would be best to leave the child in ignorance of their real plight as long as possible. There was no point in getting her scared and worked up.

We're bound to be picked up, she comforted herself. Andrew will have begun inquiries about us long ago. They'll have planes out. Perhaps, thought Mrs. Parminter, able to plan again, the best thing would be to try to keep in with the creature, to humor him, until they find us.

But it wasn't easy.

The meek, gentlemanly man she remembered in the Portsmouth train had disappeared entirely. Kipper put the role aside, as no doubt he had put many roles aside when they had served his purpose. In his place was a noisy, hectoring bully who lounged, shirt unbuttoned, about the deck, and took pleasure in ordering them around.

It was horrible to see Susan grow disillusioned under her eye. Horrible to see the dawning of understanding in her young face as she came slowly to realise that the lark she had embarked on so light-heartedly and had taken a hand in and encouraged wasn't a lark at all.

They were three days out and round Ushant. No one seemed to be bothering about them. Not even a single searching aircraft broke the empty blue of the sky. They kept well in to the land, off the ordinary trade routes. At night the lights of small fishing villages on the shore joined the stars. The weather held. The sea was blue glass.

At four o'clock one hot afternoon, Kipper came on deck with a bucket tied to a string. He had pulled off his singlet and wore only his khaki pants.

"Hi, you!" He went to where Susan sat in the shade of the deck hull. "Heave me up some water. I'm going to take a bath."

She looked at him wide-eyed. Was he being funny? He swung the rope angrily at her.

"Come on! Shake it up!"

She said, very pale, "You are telling me to pull up water for you?"

"Yes! And heave it over me. What do you think I keep you around for? Ornament?"

She let the bucket down into the sea and hauled it up. When she turned he was leaning forward, naked, over the side of the yacht, his arms on the rail.

"Get on. Heave it over me!"

She threw the water over him, refilled the pail, and threw it over him again.

"O.K. That'll do."

Very white, she picked up the bucket and rope, and went down to the galley with them.

Once out of his sight, she turned and ran, panting and sobbing, into the saloon. She closed the door and stood with her back to it, staring at Mrs. Parminter, who was preparing tea on the primus stove.

Mrs. Parminter said: "Ready in a few minutes," without looking round. Then, surprised at the silence, she turned and looked at the girl. So, she thought, still, it's happened.

"Susan," she asked quietly, keeping the situation normal and in hand, "what is it?"

"He's mad," said Susan, and through lips that shook she told what had happened.

Mrs. Parminter knew then that never for an instant must she leave the girl alone with him. If it came to a final showdown, they were two to one. They could probably tackle him if they got him without his gun. He wasn't very careful about his gun. There might even come a time when she could get hold of it herself, though she very much doubted whether she could actually shoot anyone.

IT would be better to hang on, Mrs. Parminter decided, to avoid open incident, until the planes came looking for them. Without any doubt they soon must come. Once inquiries were made, the light-house would report seeing a yacht. Various fishing craft had passed them as they left the Channel.

She put an arm round the girl.

"Yes, I'm afraid he's mad. You may as well know now. I didn't want to tell you until I had to. He's stolen this yacht, got false papers, and a load of arms in the ballast tanks. He's going to sell them to someone off the coast of Spain. There's nothing we can do meantime but lie low and wait our chance and keep him in a good temper. They're bound to find us eventually. Meantime, don't ever leave my side."

"Oh, Louise and I am partly to blame! I encouraged him. That night coming up the Channel I said, 'What fun if we didn't put in to Salcombe,' and he said, 'You don't want to? O.K.' and he laughed. 'He had it all taped long before that.'"

"I let him flirt with me a little. Just a little, that night. Just to see what it was like. Oh, Louise, what a fool I've been!"

"You aren't the only one who's been a fool," said Mrs. Parminter bitterly. "But I see now what we have to do. Never for a moment let him see you're scared, and stick close to me. Then there'll always be two of us to reckon with."

"Why, if he wanted the yacht, didn't he just take it and let us get off first?" Susan whispered.

"Because the police are no doubt looking for a single man, not a married man travelling on his own yacht on a pleasure cruise with his wife and his mother."

"His wife?" said Susan faintly.

"That's you," said Mrs. Parminter.

"I, it appears, am his old mother." And how will it all end? she added miserably to herself. How will it end?

To be concluded

WORTH Reporting

THE great scientist Albert Einstein has an Australian correspondent. She is Mrs. Violet McKenzie, of Sydney, known to thousands during the war years as director of the Women's Emergency Signaling Corps.

Mrs. McKenzie began the correspondence by writing, before she sent him two boomerangs for his 70th birthday earlier this year, that it would be wise to become an expert not only in throwing the boomerangs, but in dodging them when they returned.

The great mathematical genius and originator of the theory of relativity wrote in reply: "How it (the boomerang) could be evolved is an enigma to me."

The letters, Mrs. McKenzie says, "undoubtedly typed by himself," are signed A. Einstein in a small and rather spidery hand.

Knowing Einstein's interest in music (he is a brilliant violinist), Mrs. McKenzie recently sent him a primitive aboriginal musical instrument called a didgeridoo.

DRAMA department. Groans and desperate mouthings startled the office one morning last week. A member of the staff, who had already lost her voice with laryngitis, suddenly becoming aware that everything around her was unnaturally dark, imagined that as well as a cruel fate was striking her down with a mysterious illness robbing her of sight. The poor girl had forgotten to exchange her glare glasses for her working pair.

"Love look" worn by theatre couple

OUR interview with the newly engaged American Wm. Redd Knight and Australian Pat Harrison, of the "Oklahoma!" company, (who are to be married in January), was enlivened by some typical wisecracks from comedian Redd.

Of 19-year-old Pat's preference for a sapphire and diamond engagement ring he said, in mock seriousness, "Why, such taste is unparalleled!" The newly engaged look they were both wearing he referred to as "this love look." Of his early career he said: "I got into vaudeville just as it was dying—or maybe I killed it."

The wedding, a big one, with two bridesmaids, flower-girl, and page, will be held in Adelaide, Pat's home town. After that, "a slow boat to the States," Hollywood, New York, and more career.

Pretty, green-eyed Pat has been in turn a ballet and acting student (she won the dancing aggregate for the South Australian Eisteddfod for two years in succession), a private secretary to an airline manager, and a successful photographer's model—following a street photographer snapping her and building a window display round the enlarged result.

Redd was formerly a small-part player and dancing teacher at Paramount Studios.



Playmates founded a family dynasty

A GIRLHOOD friendship which has lasted a lifetime and developed into a romantic family saga is the story behind the return to Australia of two charming women who have lived for many years in South Africa, where they are now society leaders.

They are Mrs. Len Oats, wife of a millionaire, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. P. J. Rillstone.

Both Mrs. Oats and Mrs. Rillstone were born in South Australia, but met for the first time when their families moved to Western Australia. Mrs. Oats, whose maiden name was Butler, was only 11 years old when, through her friendship with Mrs. Rillstone, she first met Len Oats, who was then 16.

The friendship between the families continued until, when he was 22, Len Oats decided to go to South Africa to seek his fortune.

"He started from scratch with nothing more than ambition and a spirit of adventure," both Mrs. Oats and Mrs. Rillstone told us.

When he was settled he wrote to his boyhood sweetheart asking her to join him, and the marriage took place in South Africa.

As Len Oats' financial interests expanded he invited his sister's husband to join him, so the two sisters-in-law and friends were reunited.

They built their Johannesburg homes close to one another, and, as other members of the families came from Australia to be near them, a veritable dynasty was founded.

Isolated "Island 40" gets a teacher

A SCHOOL of 15 pupils in America, so remote and inaccessible that in the past it has frequently been without a teacher, has been taken over by a 24-year-old Australian woman who has had no previous experience of teaching.

She is Mrs. Gavin Torrance, who met and married her American husband when he was in Australia during the war. The school is on Island 40, a tiny bit of Tennessee on the bank of the Mississippi River. It has no electricity, telephones or taps; the only outsiders who visit it are hunting parties.

The houses of its 60 inhabitants are built on stilts, or drums that will rise when the river floods. The Torrances recently joined the little pioneer outpost as farmers.

The mother of three children, Mrs. Torrance was shocked to find the island school without a teacher, volunteered for the job.

She has graded her pupils, aged from six to 14, into four classes, teaches them arithmetic, writing, geography, and English. They find Mrs. Torrance's pronunciation of some words strange, and find it hard to credit that she came half way round the world to teach them in their shabby little schoolhouse.

Mystery man in a beige satin tie

A RARE 2000-year-old Macedonian coin, a State of Philip II of Macedon (395-336 B.C.), excited brisk bidding at a recent Sydney auction sale, and finally was knocked down for 41 guineas to a dark-visaged gentleman who said that he preferred to be known merely as V.A.V.

First bid was of 10 guineas, the price improving in guinea raises until 15 guineas was reached and the field narrowed to bookshop owner Mr. James Tyrell and immaculately dressed V.A.V.

Making his bids by raising his walking cane, V.A.V.'s final call of 41 guineas caused Mr. Tyrell to retire.

When V.A.V. excitedly made his way to the office to pay for and collect his purchase, he stared at it, turned it over, weighed it in his hand, and hit it to test its authenticity.

As he smoothed his beige satin tie and adjusted his pearl tie-pin, he said he had been collecting gold coins since he was born, and had travelled all over the world to buy them.

The collection, worth thousands of pounds, is kept in a bank safe-deposit.

V.A.V. claimed his interest was merely that of a collector, and, when asked what was the rarest coin he possessed, answered, "A ducat minted in Holland during the Roman occupation."

Inquiries reveal that ducats were not known until medieval times, and that V.A.V.'s interest has caused him to spend approximately £1000 buying gold coins during the past year.

THE latest issue of an overseas magazine carries this advertisement: "Develop your conversational powers. Can you hold a room spell-bound? Our course teaches you how. All practice done at home." No doubt that's what the families of the socially-tongued-tied would dread.

Rhythmic gymnastics develop grace

WHEN television experts in Paris saw a group of girls doing rhythmic gymnastics they told their teacher, Lola Harding-Irmer, that this form of physical training would make an excellent television feature.

She had no television experience, but by trial and error she soon found how to arrange her group to the best advantage for the purpose, and with 16 or 20 girls she put on a variety of programmes.

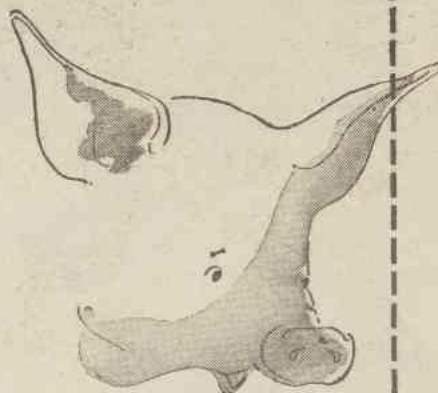
She is now teaching rhythmic gymnastics at the Australian College of Physical Education and Sports Club, Sydney, and she plans to form a group of girls with a special view to training them for television when it comes here.

Rhythmic gymnastics were started in Munich in 1928 by a musician and a gymnastic teacher, Lola Harding-Irmer was a pupil at this school, and she has trained girls to take part in the Olympic Games and at the Stockholm international games, the Lingeade, in 1939.

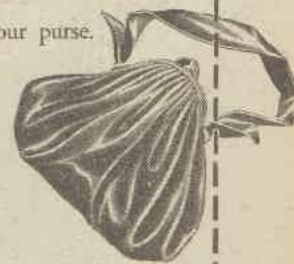
The girls at present being trained at the Australian College by Mrs. Harding-Irmer will finish their course at the end of this year, and will become teachers in colleges, introducing this method of physical training for the first time.

"It is specially designed to give girls and women good carriage and deportment, as well as developing their grace and sense of rhythm," says Mrs. Harding-Irmer. "It has the great advantage of not becoming mechanical or monotonous as each movement can be varied almost endlessly by changing the direction, speed, rhythm, or intensity."

You can make
a silk purse
out of a sow's ear



In the course of everyday life, we all have the power to provide a silk purse for the future . . . even though you may, at times, feel that the present is as uninspiring as a sow's ear. By placing your savings in Life Assurance you guarantee your future security . . . and you gain welcome additional benefits in the form of bonuses. And thanks to our free and independent life offices, you can choose the type of protection which suits your needs and your purse.



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17/288



"Get the tar off your feet!"

Evening in Paris

N—3 Cakes of Bath Soap, 6/6.
M—Perfumed Dusting Powder, 4/6.
L—Shaving Stick, Tale, Cigarette Case, 13/6.

A—Face Powder, Tale, Soap Case, 10/6.
B—Face Powder, Cologne, Lipstick, Rouge, 12/3.
C—Dusting Powder and Puff, large Bath Soap, Perfume, 18/3.
D—Star-shaped silver box with Perfume, 12/6.

XMAS GIFTS BY BOURJOIS

K—Tale, Rouge, Lipstick, Perfume, plastic Cigarette Case, 21/6.
J—De Luxe size of "Ashes of Roses" perfume, 5/11.
I—Face Powder, Cologne, Perfume, Lipstick, Rouge, 25/6.

E—Week-end set, Face Powder, Soap and Cologne, 3/11.

F—Shaving Bowl; 2 years of fine shaving, 5/6.

G—Face Powder, Rouge, Perfume, Lipstick, Cologne Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream, 23/9.

H—Face Powder and Perfume, 4/9 per set.

AT ALL DEPARTMENT STORES AND CHEMISTS



DICK fingered his glass. His mouth was parched and dry, but he was afraid that his stomach would rebel against the drink.

The blonde came walking over from the little rostrum. She moved gracefully. She was carrying a drink in her hand.

She sat down at the table. She put the drink down in front of her. "Bringing your own victuals?" said George Ryan.

The blonde laughed. It was a light, empty little laugh, as though she always kept it near the surface, quickly available. She sipped at the drink, then she pushed it across the table to George.

"George," she said, "for you."

Dick Martin looked at her. He was churning with impatience now. He was hoping that she would soon get up and go. He wanted to get on with it.

He had decided now that it would be the cliff road. Maybe he would try to jump out of the car; maybe he would not. One thing he wanted to be certain of; he wanted to see and remember George Ryan's face when he knew.

The blonde had rather soft eyes, but there were some bitter little lines round her mouth.

George took the blonde's proffered glass. He paid some expert little compliment. Dick Martin was not listening to it—did not hear it.

The blonde laughed quietly. When George was talking to women he treated words as though they were toys. Bringing them out, showing them, arranging them prettily.

Hypocrite. Suddenly the blonde said: "George, did I ever really get round to telling you that I hate you?"

Dick Martin looked up. The words spun round in his mind for a while before they registered.

The blonde was still smiling, but now her eyes were not so soft.

George Ryan just smiled quietly. He sipped at the drink she had given him. He was watching her carefully.

The blonde said: "I've always wanted to tell you that I think you are the lowest form of animal life there is."

George looked quickly across at Dick Martin, then back at the blonde. He grinned; but there was something fixed about his grin, as though it had been put on his face with thumb tacks.

"Now, Cynthia," he said, "that's no way to talk. Remember the bargain, dear. No hard feelings."

Cynthia was still smiling. There was a crooked twist to it.

"Good old George," she said. "No hard feelings. How many women have you hung that tag line on, dear?" she asked.

George looked at her over the rim of his glass. He was still calm, poised, apparently unruffled.

Dick thought: You must hand it to him. I'll shock some anguish into his face. I'll tear that smugness right out of him.

George said: "Don't be silly, Cynthia. I think you must have been drinking."

She looked at him coldly, levelly. "Yes," she said, "I have." She turned and looked at Dick.

"Listen," she said, "you don't look a bad type. If you have a fiancée or a wife, keep her away from this . . ."

She did not finish. George Ryan put his hand out and laid it firmly over hers. "That's enough, Cynthia," he said. He said it very coldly. The smile had gone from his face now.

Dick Martin's mind was no longer

Two of a Kind

Continued from page 5

a vacuum. It began to sit up now and observe.

George said: "Are you ready, Dick? I think we had better go."

The blonde sat back in her chair and folded her arms. Her mouth twisted sardonically. "And where," she said, "do you propose to go?"

George did not answer. He looked at her very contemptuously, but did not answer. He began to get up.

The blonde said: "Sit down, George, and listen to me."

He looked across at her. "I have no intention—" he began.

There was no smile on her face now. "You had better, George," she said, "for in about fifteen minutes you are going to die—"

Dick felt as though someone had kicked him in the throat. He looked quickly across at the blonde. George laughed. "Are you threatening me?" he asked.

The blonde said: "The threatening stage is over. I've poisoned you."

Dick's heart was thumping.

George said: "You've what?"

"Poisoned you," said the blonde. "Poisoned you. I've poisoned you, you cheap little rat."

George looked at her. "Are you mad?" he said.

The blonde leant forward and waved her hand. "It was in that drink," she said, "in that drink I gave you."

George said: "You're crazy."

The blonde said: "Lift the glass up to the light. Lift it up and have a look."

George looked at her for a moment. Then he took the glass and lifted it up. There was a thick sediment in the bottom.

The blonde laughed lightly. "See," she said, "I put the powder in. It's



"This had better be a darned good movie!"

tasteless. As they say in the cowboy films: Do you know any prayers, George?"

He put the glass down slowly and looked at her. "You're fooling," he said.

She leant across the table and took one of his cigarettes and lit it. She blew some smoke.

"George," she said slowly, "I am not fooling, and in a little while you will know it. You will start getting the pains. I don't think you are going to have an easy death, George."

Slowly the color began to drain out of George Ryan's face. He looked across at Dick Martin. "Dick—" he said. Then he doubled forward slightly, and his hands went to his stomach. "Dick," he said, "get a doctor—quick."

The blonde leant back in her chair and laughed softly.

Dick Martin just sat there, his mind aghast.

George Ryan lifted his head. His face was crumpled up and he was beginning to sweat. "Dick," he said, "Dick—quick—get a doctor."

Dick Martin began to get sluggishly to his feet. The little voice

was still there, saying: "Kill George Ryan. Kill George Ryan."

But this blonde had done it. There were two of them with the same thought, it seemed. And now a new refrain repeated itself in his brain: "Two of a kind. Two of a kind."

The blonde waved her hand again. She said to Dick: "Sit down, friend. Unless you want to get an undertaker. A doctor's no good to him."

George's face was ashen-grey. "Dick," he said, "Dick—"

Now he was no longer a poised, suave man of the world. He was a crumpled, frightened, abject figure.

Dick got to his feet just as George screamed out hysterically: "Get a doctor, get a doctor!"

It was a cry that cut through the hum of talk, and turned it off like a switch.

The floor manager came hurrying over. "What's the matter?" he asked.

The blonde pointed. "He's got a tummy-ache," she said. "Probably the poor food."

George had his head on the table. He was groaning slightly. "I've been poisoned," he said.

The manager looked at Dick. "Give me a hand," he said.

They carried George to the small office at the back.

The blonde followed nonchalantly. The floor manager lifted his phone. He said: "I'll get a doctor."

The blonde laughed lightly. "Never mind that," she said. "There's nothing wrong with him."

The floor manager said: "You're a fool, Cynthia. What did you do it for?"

Cynthia smiled. "It was only a little pumice powder," she said. "He's all right, and the only pain he has is due to imagination, and too much inferior sauerkraut with his dinner."

"She's poisoned me," said George. "Get a doctor."

The blonde waved her hand. "I haven't poisoned him," she said, "don't think I'd get myself into trouble over that little weasel. He's not worth it."

Dick Martin said: "What did you do it for?"

The blonde looked at him. She said: "I wanted to see him cringe. Under that thin shell of suavity and poise, he is a mean little coward. Look at him."

Dick Martin looked at him.

George Ryan looked dishevelled. His tie was askew, his hair untidy. He had hastily undone his waistcoat. The perspiration was pouring down his face.

The blonde got up. She said: "Meet a craven man. He's not worth a second thought." She walked out laughing quietly.

For a moment Dick Martin looked at George Ryan; then he turned and walked out too. He went up the stairs and out into the sunlight. He sat in his car a moment and thought.

Suddenly his head stopped buzzing, and he felt as though an oppression had been lifted from him.

George Ryan was a craven little coward. He no longer envied or hated him. As the blonde said, he was not worth a second thought.

Now, Lucy . . .

He started up the car and headed for home.

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—N.P.J.—



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RECEPTION for the three bridal couples at the Mechanics' Hall, Cobram, Victoria. Wedding breakfast was attended by 109 guests, who sat down to five turkeys, two hams, fruit-salad, trifle, sausage-rolls, and 50 dozen cakes. Mrs. Bert Bill, one of the finest cooks in the district, prepared the wedding breakfast and worked on it for two days from dawn till far into the night.



KISS for just-married Mrs. Terry O'Hara from her father, groom Terry O'Hara and his wife's 85-year-old grandmother, on a car trip from Doylestford, Victoria, without the slightest delay.

TRIPLE WEDDING—COUNTRY TOWN'S BIG DAY

Brides, two Australians, one Scot.
Grooms, one Australian, two Scots.

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

The triple wedding celebrated at St. Joseph's in the prosperous citrus-growing centre, Cobram, Victoria, caused as much excitement as a Royal visit.

Friends and relatives came from miles around and local townspeople lent a hand to make the ceremony and the reception a success.

SPECIAL identity cards were used by assistant parish priest Rev. Father Joseph Doherty when he officiated at the three weddings held simultaneously.

To ensure that he married off the right brides to the right grooms, he lettered these cards and placed them on the ivory marble communion rails before the three sets of kneeling couples.

Radiantly happy, the brides, wearing white lace over satin, were sisters Mary and Phyllis Monckton, of Cobram, and a Scottish newcomer, petite, blue-eyed Alice Clark, from Dumbartonshire.

Happy-go-lucky, wise-cracking, former A.W.A.S. searchlight operator and postal officer Mary became the wife of Scottish migrant Terry O'Hara, of Finley, N.S.W.

Terry's brother Joe claimed his home country sweetheart Alice as his bride—she arrived in Australia only six weeks before the ceremony.

Mary's sister Phyllis set the seal on her two-and-a-half years' romance with young Pakenham East butcher Alan Goldsack.

The wedding ensemble of fifteen—the brides and grooms, their attendants June Brooks, Norma Goldsack, Joyce Condon, Frank Lawlor, Bob Goldsack, and John Monckton; the bride's father, Mr. R. A. Monckton who gave Mary away; Jack Dunn, who gave Alice away; and Tom Monckton, who gave Phyllis away—taxed the kneeling space in front of the altar to capacity.

Back farther, in seats tied with white satin ribbon true-lovers' knots, sat relatives from far and near.

At the rear of the festively decked seats, friends and spectators ranged from Press to puppies.

The wide side doors of lovely,

garden-fronted St. Joseph's were flung open to admit the warm, late spring breeze. Kookaburras chuckled up in the trees.

Inside the little church the air was heavy with the fragrance of pale pink and white roses arranged on the ivory marble altar.

It was a momentous occasion for the fourteen-strong Monckton family—Mr. and Mrs. Monckton and their dozen, Tom 29, Mary 27, Carrie (Mrs. Jack Dunn) 25, Ted 24, Jim 23, John 22, Phyllis 20, Douglas 17, Fred 16, Pat 14, Frank 12, and Betty 10.

Even the day before the wedding, their homely, freshly painted green-and-white house in Pine Street was easily identified by the buzz of activity. Vehicles of every description pulled up and delivered bottles of soft drinks, a couple of nine-gallon kegs, food, flowers, wedding presents, friends, and relatives.

Floorboards creaked under the weight of feet—about 30 forgathered for a wedding-eve meal, 17 of whom stayed for the night.

It was a bit of a squeeze, but with up to four youngsters piling into some double beds, and couches and chairs pushed together, all had at least somewhere to lay their heads.

Good neighbor Mrs. Paul Sheppard turned her spare room over to bride-elect Phyllis Monckton and her cousins, Joyce and Vivienne Condon. The grooms and more friends and relatives overflowed to the Grand Central Hotel.

Next door to the Moncktons, at the Ron Ross' house, Mrs. Ross had a hectic time running backwards and forwards summoning people wanted on the phone and taking messages.

Into the Moncktons' house, along with everything else, struggled young



"TAKE IT CAREFULLY," says Mrs. Henry Haw to son John and Frank Monckton when they carry cheval mirror Mrs. Haw loaned to help brides dress.

Frank Monckton and 12-year-old John Haw, carrying a long cheval mirror much bigger than themselves. It was thoughtfully sent along by John's mother, Mrs. Henry Haw, for the brides to dress by.

The mirror is accustomed to going on walkabouts in Cobram. Besides lending it to brides, Mrs. Haw also makes it available at balls for local debutantes.

Quiet corner

WITH all the bustle it was really no wonder that whenever the Monckton family wanted Mum or Dad they had to look for them out on the front verandah. It was the only place left where there was room to sit down in comfort.

Mrs. Monckton nursed her eleven-months-old granddaughter, Joan Dunn.

Sandy-haired, spectacled Mr. Monckton, a G.P.O. line foreman, was uprooted from his family some time ago when he was transferred to

Melbourne. He is boarding until accommodation can be found for Mrs. Monckton and unmarried members of the family.

The wedding was the first occasion for some time when all the Moncktons had been assembled together for life with father, and he exploited the situation with true Irish humor.

He looked a picture of injured innocence when the apple-of-his-eye, Mary, interrupted washing her hair to censor his wisecracks.

Justifiably proud of his grand family, he gave his wife an affectionate hug, saying that after 30 years of marriage "Mum was still the greatest woman ever born."

At the wedding they were both as starry-eyed as the brides and grooms. Mrs. Monckton wore a charming beige crepe lace-trimmed frock and black accessories. Her husband wore, like the grooms, navy suit, white shirt, grey poplin tie, and orange-blossom buttonhole.



WEDDING PICTURES being taken by official photographer, from Shepparton, Vic. From left: Mrs. Joe O'Hara, Mrs. Terry O'Hara, and Mrs. Alan Goldsack.

Dressing for the occasion was a bit irksome to twelve-year-old Frank.

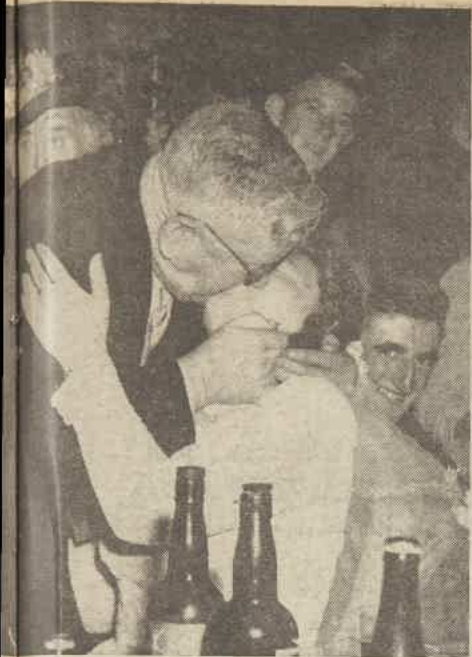
He felt that having to get into his best grey suit put weddings in the same category as the bother of dressing up to go to Melbourne.

He explained that trips to the city didn't appeal to him much. "It's so easy to get lost in town." The last time he was down he made for the Zoo but found himself at the Museum.

He was dubious about the expense, too. He thought the cost of the sumptuous wedding breakfast in the Mechanics' Hall might have been better invested. Some of the money, for instance, might have been spent on a bike for him.

Frank also decided the occasion was an expensive outing for many of the wedding guests—some rising to the occasion with three sets of wedding presents.

Wedding presents to each other were quite an item for the brides and grooms.



Mr. A. Monckton, at reception in Mechanics' Hall. Bridegroom, Mr. Horrod, are at left. Mrs. Horrod made a 200-mile journey. Pictures by staff photographer E. H. Mann.



MR. AND MRS. JOE O'HORA, Scots migrant and his bride from home, Alice Clark, who arrived here two months ago. Joe is a painter and signwriter at Finley, N.S.W.



MR. AND MRS. TERRY O'HORA cut their wedding cake. The bride was Mary Monckton. Top tiers of the two O'Hora wedding cakes will go to the bridegrooms' parents in Scotland.



and Terry gave Alice and a super cocktail tray, and to Alan a boat-shaped sugar cake.

and Joe gave Mary and a super cocktail tray, and to Alan a boat-shaped sugar cake.

and Alan gave Mary and a super cocktail tray, and to Alan a boat-shaped sugar cake.

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REV. FATHER JOSEPH DOHERTY, assistant parish priest at St. Joseph's, Cobram, shows Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Hora where to sign the register. Behind them are Mr. and Mrs. Alan Goldsack and Mr. and Mrs. Terry O'Hora. He was guest of honor later at the reception.

Terry and Joe migrated to Australia 12 months ago and settled at Finley, N.S.W., about 20 miles from Cobram.

Joe, the elder, is a painter and signwriter, and Terry is a hairdresser. Until Alice and Joe are able to get a house they will share the home of their good friends, Constable Kevin Mayfield and his wife, at Finley.

Honeymoon trips

AFTER the lavish wedding breakfast in the beautifully decorated Mechanics' Hall, the O'Hora brothers and their brides went off on honeymoon as a foursome at Daylesford, Victoria, and Alan and Phyllis went down to stay in Melbourne.

With their going-away frocks the girls wore white gardenia shoulder posies, taken from the centres of their wedding bouquets of white roses, carnations, and gardenias.

Well-known R.A.A.F. personality, former Squadron-Leader Ted Forrest, and his attractive wife, who have the Grand Central Hotel, lent their private sitting-room specially arranged with glorious flowers for the official photographs.

Guest of honor at the bridal table was Father Doherty, who, in addition to the novelty of marrying three couples at once, also had the unusual experience of seeing a groom place the wedding ring on the SECOND finger of his bride's left hand.

Bride Mary explained that the third finger of her left hand is a

plastic surgery job, accomplished to replace the finger she lost when she slammed it in a truck door during her war service.

The success of the new finger is not completely established yet. And she decided to play safe and wear her ring on her second finger.

First to leave the wedding breakfast was Father Doherty. He had to rush back to St. Joseph's to officiate at yet another wedding—Peggy Graham to Norman Allen.

No wonder people in the district are still talking about the field day Cupid had at Cobram the day the Monckton girls got married.

Personally, I'm a bit nervous. When all the excitement had died down I found myself clutching a tiny white crepe paper boat stuffed with wedding cake—all the guests got one—and a few sprigs of white heather from Alice's tartan-tied white bridal bouquet!



MR. AND MRS. A L A N GOLDSACK leave St. Joseph's after the ceremony. The bride was Phyllis Monckton.



ARRANGING FLOWERS for official photographs Mrs. Ted Forrest (right) is aided by Edna Anning, who helped to make some of bridemaids' frocks and pressed bridal gowns for ceremony.

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10th November, 1949.

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Will you make further reductions in taxation?

Yes . . . the rates of tax will be steadily reduced, including the indirect taxes affecting the cost of living, housing, and home fittings and furniture. There will be tax allowances for education costs.

Will you pay Child Endowment for the first child?

Certainly . . . 5/- per week for the first child, 10/- per week for others. Moreover, we shall offset any decision by the Arbitration Court to base the basic wage on the needs of a married couple without children by providing, in such an event, endowment for the first child of 10/- a week.

Will you help us to own our own houses?

Yes . . . we will encourage home ownership and stimulate private building of houses at reasonable prices.

Will your Government maintain full employment?

Yes . . . and we will encourage incentive payment and profit-sharing plans as well.

What will you do about public health?

First of all, we will co-operate with the States, with doctors, hospitals, chemists, dentists and friendly societies. We will help to prevent disease by attacking causes and we will ensure more and better food, more doctors, more hospitals and more maternity and diagnostic clinics. We will provide Commonwealth aid for gynaecology, children's diseases and training of nurses.

Will your Government outlaw the Communist Party?

The Communist Party will be declared subversive and unlawful and dissolved. A receiver will be appointed to deal with its assets. No member of the Communist Party will be employed by the Commonwealth or be eligible for office in a trades union.

Will you prevent the hardships caused by coal strikes?

Yes. We shall get adequate coal, because coal is essential to full employment. It is intolerable that you and your family should be deprived of work, light and power if a coal strike lasts a few days.

Will you get us domestic help?

We are determined to co-operate with State Governments in training and providing domestic workers.

Will your Government ensure full opportunity for our children?

Yes: because we believe in the encouragement of enterprise and initiative — not in socialist regimentation and the conscription of labour.

For a better deal for yourself and your family

VOTE THE SOCIALISTS OUT!

● These three smart versions of summer fashions are all made from one basic paper pattern, which has only 12 pieces, about the number usually required for a single dress.

Basic pattern

Designed by
BETTY KEEP



No. 5772

THESE designs were selected by me and drafted by a skilled pattern maker. I chose the pattern to require a minimum of skill, patience, and time, and to suit the average girl's budget, as it is only 1/11 complete.

The three ensembles consist of four garments; two frocks, and a skirt and blouse. The important "separates" fashion is provided for by the classic short-sleeved blouse and skirt with large hip pockets. For cool summer loveliness nothing could be prettier than the sleeveless sheer party dress with its low-cut neckline, sashed waist, and ballerina skirt.

The fourth garment is a slickly tailored dress which looks well for all daytime activities, and is always good fashion.

The material and color choice I left to the individual.

When you buy your pattern, take your measurements, or have some one take them for you. It is usually best to buy the pattern size nearest your bust measurement, and then make the necessary adjustments, unless your hips are unusually large in proportion to bust measurements.

This being the case, buy according to your hip measurements and adjust the top section to your bust measurements. If the difference between hip and bust measurements is so great that the above method cannot be satisfactorily carried out, order two sized patterns. It will then be fairly simple to make the necessary adjustment at the waistline.—Betty Keep.

TO OBTAIN PATTERN

Pattern No. 5772 is in sizes 32in. to 40in. bust and requires 3½yds. 36in. material for skirt, 2yds. 36in. material for blouse, 5yds. 36in. material for ballerina-length party dress, and 4½yds. 36in. material for street dress. Price, 1/11.

The pattern is obtainable at pattern counter, Consolidated Press Ltd., 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, or by writing to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Arrived at the Kingdom of Karana, ruled by **KARA and KARON:** Who are twin sister and brother. The twins fall in love with Mandrake and

Narda. Under the country's law if one weds the other must quit the throne, and go into exile, so each plans to marry first. Narda takes part in a magician's act. She vanishes, and is taken through a trapdoor and along a tunnel. NOW READ ON:



AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL--IN THE GARDEN OF THE ROYAL PALACE.



AND HER CAPTOR IS PRINCE KARON, ONE OF THE TWIN RULERS OF KARANA. "MY LOVELY NARDA!" SAYS KARON. "FORGIVE THIS ROUGH TREATMENT, BUT I AM IMPATIENT TO MARRY YOU AT ONCE!"--"MARRY ME?" GASPS NARDA.



MEANWHILE, IN THE GARDEN: "I LOST TRACK OF MANDRAKE, HIGHNESS," SAYS THE SERVANT TO PRINCESS KARA. "AND I FEAR YOUR ROYAL BROTHER WILL MARRY BEFORE YOU CAN--" "LOOK!" CRIES KARA.



"AH, DARLING!" CRIES KARA, EMBRACING THE STARTLED MANDRAKE. "YOU'VE COME TO ME! WE MUST BE MARRIED AT ONCE!"--"W-WHAT'S THIS? BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU," STAMMERS MANDRAKE.



PRINCESS KARA RUSHES MANDRAKE TO A GARDENER'S COTTAGE. "WAIT HERE UNTIL TONIGHT, SO MY BROTHER DOESN'T SEE YOU. WE WILL BE MARRIED AFTER DARK," SHE WHISPERS TO THE STARTLED MAGICIAN.



MEANWHILE, IN THE PALACE. "I'LL NEVER MARRY YOU, PRINCE WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS!" SNAPS NARDA.-- PRINCE KARON LAUGHS. "SPIRIT AS WELL AS BEAUTY, EH? PLACE HER IN THE JAR, MEN."



"TAKE HER TO THE GARDENER'S COTTAGE, SO THAT MY SISTER DOESN'T SEE HER. WE WILL BE MARRIED AFTER DARK," SAYS THE PRINCE.



TO BE CONTINUED



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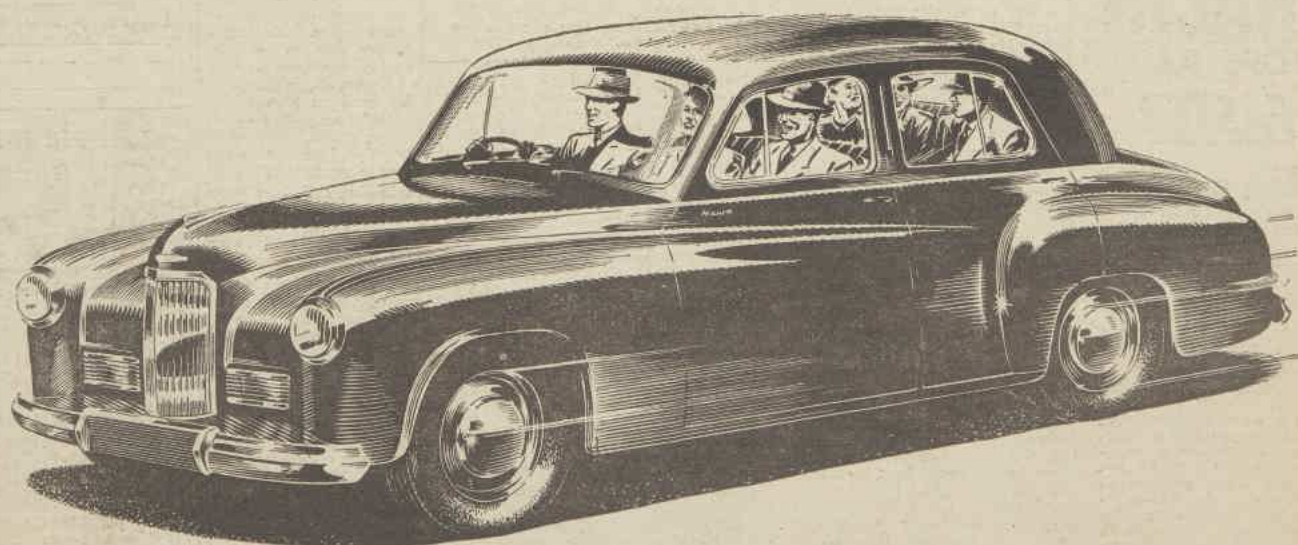
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THOUGHTFULLY,

MacGregor studied Greta, poised,
cool, delightful, utterly desirable in
her unaffected simplicity of manner
and dress.

"Ever think of marrying again,
Greta?" he asked.

"A little while ago I was, frankly,
very anxious to marry," Greta said.
"I loved Walter, of course. But he's
gone, and I thought the best thing
was to start at once to make a new
life for myself. But now I'm not so
sure." She frowned slightly.

"You see, I feel a certain respon-
sibility to Walter's memory. He
was always sure he'd be recognised
some day. Now that's beginning, I
want to see it through. I want to
see his reputation firmly established.
Then—I'll see."

MacGregor nodded, and cursed
this monster of Smedly's reputation
to which he was playing Franken-
stein. That night he went back to
his cheque-book. To his surprise, he
discovered that he'd bought, by now,
ten Smedly canvases, paying quite a
large sum for them.

Greta had told him a little while
ago that she'd given up her job in
the gift shop. He was, he realised,
supporting her. The situation had
its amusing side, of course—or would
if he were not so much in love with
her.

There came a night when, for a
moment, he did sense possible attain-
ment, a moonless night filled with
the drooping of insects and the smell
of sun-warmed earth cooling in the
darkness.

As they strolled along to-
gether, his fingers closed on
hers. She did not withdraw her
hand, and he began to
tell her about himself and
his work, his life, his child-
hood.

"Mac, you're awfully
sweet," she said finally,
when he paused. Her near-
ness intoxicated him. He
hesitated for a second.
"Mac, I wonder if you'd do
something for me?" she
added.

"Of course. Anything in
the world. You know
that."

"I want you to buy a
couple of Walter's paintings—
you said you liked the
portrait of me... Didn't
you?" she continued, as
MacGregor remained silent.
"I have a particular reason
for asking you, Mac. I'd
rather keep it a secret. But
I'll tell you, if you like."

"No, no," MacGregor said slowly;
"of course I'll buy them."

"You are sweet, Mac. Some day,
you know, those paintings will be
worth a great deal of money. It's
really an investment you're making."

MacGregor smiled grimly in the
darkness. "Yes, of course."

As he knew nothing of painting
he had better leave the selection
of paintings to her, Greta had told
him. They arrived a day or so
later. One was a small landscape,
the other a self-portrait. The land-
scape he hung. The portrait he
leaned against the library wall.

But worse was to come. Fraser
told him that Greta was arranging
a big memorial exhibition of her
husband's work. It was to raise
money for this that she had asked
MacGregor to buy the two paint-
ings, as she would have to finance
the exhibit herself.

"I suppose you realise the spot
you've got yourself in, Mac?"
Fraser said cheerfully. "The critics,
of course, will simply tear Smedly
to pieces. The whole art world
will laugh. And Greta—" Fraser
eyed him for a moment—"will be
made to look an awful fool."

"But—"
"Oh, she'll be able to arrange the
exhibit, all right, as long as she
can pay for it, if that's what you
were going to say," Fraser inter-
rupted. "But it's after it has opened
—that's when she'll— Of course,
there's just one thing you could do.

Mantle of Greatness

Continued from page 7

It might not work. But then again
it might. This is a crazy age."

"What are you driving at?" Mac-
Gregor demanded sharply.

"Well, there is a chance that you
might be able to exorcise the evil
influence of Smedly's work by foist-
ing him on the public as a genius."

"Don't be—"
"Wait a minute, now," Fraser
grinned and held up his hand.
"Modern publicity can do almost
anything."

"Maybe the exhibit won't be such
a fiasco as you've indicated," Mac-
Gregor suggested hopefully.

"You'd be taking an awful
chance," Fraser said ominously.
"Smedly was so fixed in people's
minds as a terrible painter. After
all, Mac, you started this thing.
You've got a certain responsibility
to see it through. I hate to think
of Greta making a fool of herself.
To say nothing of what she'd think
of you in such an eventuality. No,
I—"

MacGregor laughed. There was,
as a matter of fact, a certain sar-
donic justice in the situation. He
was hooked and he might as well
see it through. He wasn't, he hoped,
past appreciating a joke against
himself.

But the publicity man, whom
Fraser produced, mentioned a fan-
tastic sum. MacGregor agreed, but
he winced as he did so. This kind
of job couldn't be done with chicken
feed, the man told him; to which
Fraser added that there was no point



"Sometimes I feel all they care about is our
votes."

in doing the thing at all if it wasn't
done well.

Making out a cheque for the
man's retainer, MacGregor reflected
that his investment in the work and
reputation of Walter Smedly was,
to say the least, mounting.

Within a few weeks it became
apparent that Fraser's publicity man
knew his business. Articles appeared
in the newspapers and magazines
about the recent discovery of a
painter, one Walter Smedly, a man
who had developed an entirely origi-
nal approach in art.

Greta was delighted. Her whole
personality seemed to heighten, to
enlarge. Furthermore, one began to
read about her in the newspapers,
Reminiscences about her life with
the artist, her recollections of his
ideas on life and art.

Meeting her by chance one day,
MacGregor was surprised to dis-
cover that she had abandoned at
last her careless dressing. She was,
she told him, on her way to be the
guest of honor at a luncheon under
the auspices of some art group. She
was in a frightful hurry.

"Greta, are you happy?" Mac said
impulsively.

"Happy," she looked at him, a
little puzzled.
"Satisfied with your life, with
what's happening to you."

"Oh, you mean about Walter's
recognition. Yes, of course I'm
happy. I always felt it would hap-
pen, you see, and naturally I'm grati-

fied that I wasn't wrong." Again
she glanced at her watch. "I've got
to run along now, Mac."

"Have a good time," he told her,
smiling.

She had become the woman in the
portrait at last, MacGregor reflected.
She had emerged from her chrysalis
completely—and with a vengeance;
and now that she had, he was begin-
ning to wonder. Was he regretting
that former state, when Greta suf-
fered from a shyness which, in retro-
spect, was beginning to appear
rather delightful?

He went to see Fraser, and sug-
gested they call off their publicity
man. There was no use overdoing
things. It should by now be as-
sured that the Smedly exhibit would
not be such a fiasco as to make a
fool of Greta.

"MacGregor, I have strange and
wonderful news indeed for you,"
Fraser said, with a gleam in his eye.
"It appears that we concerned our-
selves unnecessarily over this exhibit.
Smedly really was a genius." He
handed MacGregor a magazine, open-
ed at an article. "The writer,"
he added dryly, "is a very great
critic."

MacGregor, his eyes narrowing,
read that with the opening of the
Smedly Memorial Exhibit next week
the art world was to make the ac-
quaintance of a vital, new, and en-
tirely original force in modern paint-
ing. Here was a man who
had really mastered tech-
nique, who had understood
that painting was a craft as
well as an art.

One had to go right back
to find such simple plastic
realisations. Here was a
man worthy to wear the
mantle of former greatness,
of Manet and Cezanne. A
man who stood head
and shoulders over his con-
temporaries. A veritable giant.
His discovery might well
mark a new road in the his-
tory of art.

"It's just publicity, isn't
it?" MacGregor said, a
little thickly.

"Not that. That's the
genuine article," Fraser
laughed. "Don't look so
dumbfounded, MacGregor.
It's happened dozens of
times before. Nothing is
harder than to recognise
real originality in painting.

Smedly's a genius, all right, and"—
he laid his hand on MacGregor's
shoulder affectionately—"it's to you
the credit must go for his discovery.
Generations of art lovers yet unborn
will have you to thank, MacGregor."

"Shut up, will you!" MacGregor
scowled down at the magazine.

"I know what you're thinking,
Mac. And I see your point. After
all, as the widow of a genius, Greta
will, naturally, find herself drawn
quite into the circles of greatness.
You, however, can console yourself
that it was you who provided—"

MacGregor telephoned his house.
That picture leaning against his
library wall, he instructed the ser-
vant who answered, the one of a man
with staring eyes. He didn't want
to see it when he came back to the
house. It was to be taken to the
attic at once.

In the interval before the exhibi-
tion, MacGregor brooded profanely
over the irony of fate and the idiocy
of love.

Had ever, anywhere, any time,
any man been such a fool! Greta
had been wonderful when he'd met
her—the widow of an obscure
painter. As that, he might have
sooner or later persuaded her to
marry him. But as the widow of a
genius she was lost to him forever.
Why hadn't he left well enough
alone?

Please turn to page 42



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GUMNUT BROWNIES and a pair of outsize rabbits in a scene from "The Enchanted Tree," Heather Gell's Christmas play. Mothers of the performers made all of the children's costumes.

It's the children's play season



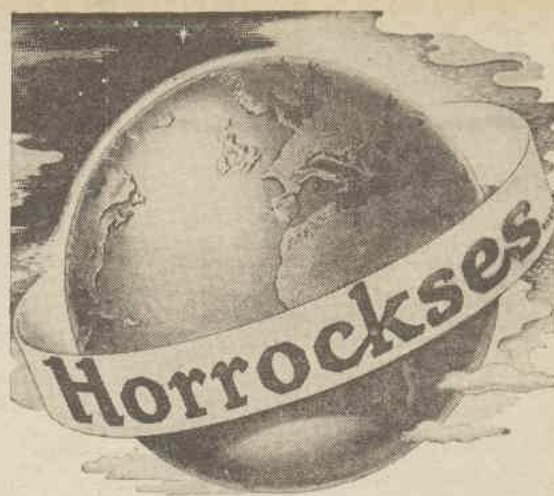
CHRISTMAS BELLS and a gumnut brownie. Australian flowers and birds come to life in the play to show visiting English children the beauties of Australia.

SCENE from "The Enchanted Tree" in which swagman invites English children to drink tea from his magic billy. Later, in this story, devised by Miss Gell, they share adventures in the bush, on the Barrier Reef, and in caves.



NOW that break-up concerts approach their peak season, excitement is mounting among the juvenile population caught up in a fever of preparation. Family shopping lists now carry items such as "net for fairy queen's ball gown," "gauze for butterfly's wings," "bells for elves."

One show will be given by 150 of Miss Heather Gell's pupils at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, beginning on December 6. Six performances of "The Enchanted Tree" will be presented for charity.



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THE day the Smedly show opened was magnificent—clear and bracing. MacGregor was sunk in bitter reflections as he walked disconsolately along the streets.

Coming to the gallery, he found himself meeting the eyes of the late Walter Smedly—another self-portrait, of course. There it stood in the window. A smile of triumph in the hard, staring eyes. MacGregor laughed ironically. Triumph, certainly. Why not?

He went in. There was Greta, with Fraser's publicity man and several others in one corner.

Nearby was his friend, the woman through whom he had bought the first paintings. She approached him at once. With her was a huge man with grey hair, and the cold, blue-black eyes of an eagle.

This, it developed when she introduced him, was the critic who had written the article Fraser had shown him.

"Mac, I hope you won't be furlous with me," the woman said, with a quick glance at him. "But I told

"I made her tell me," the critic interrupted, grasping MacGregor's hand and looking with sharp interest into his face. "I was extremely curious as to whom we owed this matter of Smedly's discovery. When she told me that it was not a collector but a business man, I was, I don't mind saying, a little piqued."

He smiled. "We critics usually have to battle for the cause of genius against you fellows. In this case it seems to have been the other way round."

MacGregor did not reply. In the first place, he could think of nothing to say. In the second, he was aware that a stunned, wide-eyed Greta had drawn close and was staring at him with incredulous amazement.

But not for nothing had MacGregor bargained with all sorts of men, and made a fortune doing it. He recovered his tongue almost at once.

"I've been interested in Smedly for some time, ever since I first saw one of his canvases," he said casually. (And was that not, after all, the truth?) "He struck me as so completely without affectation,

Mantle of Greatness

Continued from page 40

simple, direct." (That surely was safe.) "You know?"

"Precisely," the critic agreed. "The affectation of mannerism is a sign of mediocrity always."

MacGregor nodded. He met Greta's eyes, smiled, and raised his hand. "Hello, Greta. Nice." He indicated the pictures on the wall, then deliberately turned back to the critic.

"I saw your article the other day. I was interested, very much interested—and a little envious that you were able to put into words so succinctly and clearly all that I had always felt."

"You're very kind," the critic replied. And, side by side, followed by MacGregor's friend and Greta's still incredulous gaze, the two men made a slow circuit of the gallery.

Later, when MacGregor was alone, Greta came to him. "Mac," she said, "why didn't you tell me you were buying Walter's paintings?"

MacGregor hesitated, thinking quickly. "To tell you the truth, Greta, I was afraid to let you know that I was interested in art. You have spent your life with professional artists. I, on the other hand,

am only an amateur. I'm not even much of a connoisseur. It should be obvious to you that once I started talking about painting, I would appear in an unfavorable light."

"But—" She shook her head.

"Don't you know that I've been in love with you? That I've loved you for months? Haven't that been apparent to you? Haven't you guessed the dilemma I've been in? Whether to let you know that I was as interested as you in painting, and have you comparing me continually with a man who I knew was a genius; or to risk appearing to you as nothing but a businessman, an insensitive Philistine who didn't know a Manet from a calendar illustration."

MacGregor paused, his dark eyes looking deep into hers.

"Perhaps I was wrong in the choice I made. Perhaps I should have risked the comparison. I don't know. A man can only use his best judgment, you know. When a man loves a woman as much as I do you, Greta, he does not always think clearly."

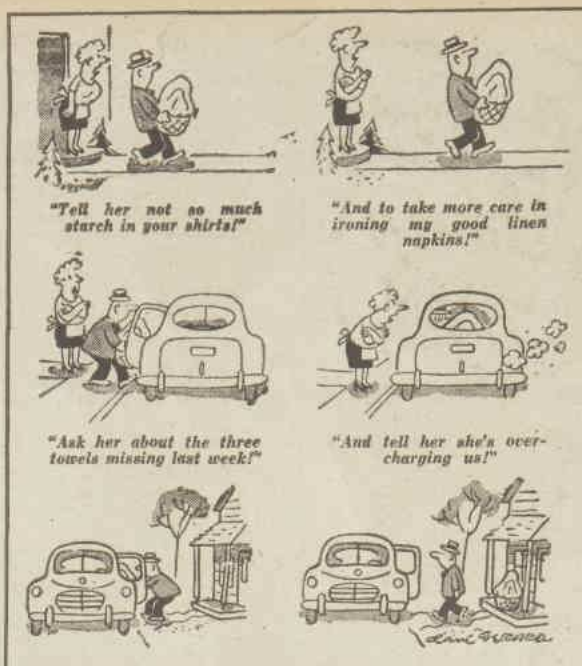
Greta's color had deepened and she seemed to be weighing her words carefully. "No, apparently not. But—I don't understand why you never told me—that you cared for me—before."

"Would it have done any good?"

She thought for a moment. "You've always seemed so different, Mac, from everything I've been, lived with, known. So—so completely the businessman. I've always thought you had a sort of contempt for the things I'm interested in—painting and—"

"After all, how was I to know? You never talked about painting, you used to have a funny, superior little look on your face whenever Walter's work was mentioned. People are always saying that you laugh at artists and writers." She paused.

"Is it that you're unsure of yourself except where business is concerned, Mac? I could understand



"Tell her not so much starch in your shirts!"

"And to take more care in ironing my good linen napkins!"

"Ask her about the three towels missing last week!"

"And tell her she's over-charging us!"

that. Walter was unsure of himself in many ways. I was, for a time, myself. Is that it?" she insisted.

MacGregor nodded.

Greta gave a soft little laugh. "MacGregor! Honestly! You're like a child! All I can say is that you know a great deal more about painting than you do about women!" She continued to laugh, while MacGregor looked at her.

"Well, don't just stand there," Greta said. "Aren't you going to take me to lunch?"

It was a couple of weeks later that Fraser received a package and a letter from MacGregor. The package contained a handsome gold cigarette case which bore the inscription: "Let all the earth keep silence before him. . . . MacGregor." The letter told of MacGregor's marriage to Greta the previous day, and asked that in his absence on a long honeymoon trip Fraser purchase and install

in his house a full and complete library on art.

"With a wife, I have acquired also a new interest," MacGregor wrote.

The MacGregors now give large, informal parties for artists and writers. MacGregor has, of course, lost his prejudice against such people, and will now even sit up half the night, listening to the plot of a novel that will, in all probability, never be written.

Who can say that it is not an unrecognised Voltaire to whom one is listening? he will point out.

As for that little private joke between Greta and Mac—that he knows much more about painting than he does about women, a joke with which his wife loves to chide him—MacGregor's response never varies. He simply looks down his nose.

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"My grandson Robert is curious why you're interested in his towel, Aunt Jenny. It was originally my own children's 20 years ago. And believe it or not, those sheets behind you I bought for 8/6—over ten years ago! Velvet certainly looks after your things, doesn't it?"

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HIS STOMACH was to Silas Ruddy

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He never knew just how he'd feel
Within an hour of any meal.
Thus if the wife should say to Sil,
"Do try a bit of this here pie—
It's come out perfect, past all question,
The very thing for your digestion!"
Poor Silas would, And in a bit
He'd wish he'd never heard of it.
For stomach-pains would give him zip
As indigestion got a grip.

One day his Ma came on a visit.
And said, "That's *new* Silas, is it?
Here, boy! I know the thing for you—
See these nice Rennies? Just take two,
And suck 'em, slowly, one by one—
They'll stop the pain from coming on!
They're wrapped, so keep some in your
pocket.
Pooh! Indigestion! You can knock it!"

Now, Silas is a mighty eater,
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DS.9.10

Bill smiled pleasantly. "Well," he said, "you have the upper hand. Tell me about yourself."

There wasn't much to tell, Miss Peters said. She hadn't done much during the war, since she was needed at home to run the place and her father was ill. They had enough farming land to make it worth while. "It must have been lonely."

"Well, yes, but not always. There was an American camp fairly near. I'd go to dances occasionally. And sometimes some of the Yanks would come over and help me on the farm. They were awfully nice."

He could understand why they would be. "How did you get in with Eric?" he asked.

"That was through Gro-Gro. A market gardener near us invented it during the war, and we experimented." Bill was touched at the thought of a grizzled old Hertfordshire farmer and the blond young girl working together to save Britain with a fertiliser.

"Then, after the war, I met Eric at a cocktail party." (Where else? thought Bill) "and happened to mention it. He became interested and put it on the market. It's doing marvellously well."

He said suddenly, "You and Eric—you're not engaged, are you?"

"No."

She didn't expand on the subject. They talked about Gro-Gro. Bill explained that there were any number of fertilisers on the market and that competition would be stiff. "I'm not sure that it would be worth while pushing it. And that idiotic contraption—"

Lesley lit a cigarette. "Eric said that you could sell anything you made up your mind to sell, that you had the 'know-how.'"

"Look," said Bill, pleased, but not persuaded. "There's plenty of room in America for anything that's good. If Gro-Gro is better than anything we've got over here, or cheaper, or easier to use, okay. But you've got to prove it to me."

"All I need is a garden."

"To-morrow is Sunday," he said. "I'll take you up to my aunt's in Connecticut. No more business until then." He looked at his watch. "Finish your coffee like a good girl and I'll put you on a tour round the

Imported Woman

Continued from page 11

city. Then I'll pick you up at seven and we'll do dinner and a show."

He took her back to Rockefeller Centre, booked a tour, put her on the bus and shook hands with her. "Well, have fun."

She laughed. "I've been in America less than six hours and you're the third person who has said, 'Have fun.' Do all Americans say that? It sounds so—so desperate somehow." Before he could answer, the bus had gone.

He didn't get much work done at the office. Lesley disturbed him. She had, like Eric, a quality of complete assurance, of inner security, that was uncalled for and quite exasperating. Here was her country facing a crisis, and she seemed not aware of it. Or rather, she was very much aware of it, but it made no difference at all.

Bill was torn between feeling sorry



for her for her obtuseness and wanting to score her off for her complacency.

He was at her hotel at seven sharp. She had on a black skirt and a very elegant brocaded jacket that looked as if it had cost the earth, and a fur cape. He raised his eyebrows. "Your father's old fishing togs, I presume."

She laughed. "Very nearly. The jacket is a scarf mother brought back from her honeymoon in India, and the cape is an old carriage robe we found in the attic."

He was pained. A girl like this should be able to walk through any ritzy department store and buy anything she wanted. "Aren't you able to buy any clothes?" he asked.

Many things were off coupons now, she told him, but so expensive that you didn't dare buy them. And you got in the habit of making do.

"You're nice," she added; "Englishmen never notice what you wear."

He felt that perhaps he was making progress.

They had dinner; they went to the theatre; they danced. She was easy enough to talk to, but hard to get to know. She could talk for an hour about food in Britain, the plane trip over, what she thought of America, without revealing in any way what she was like.

She said suddenly, "Why aren't you married?" She said it out of curiosity, completely impersonally.

"What makes you ask?" he countered.

She shrugged her shoulders. "All the Americans I met during the war—they all had snags of their wives and children. They could think of nothing else. Domesticity seemed to be a national trait. American men are such romanticists, and they seem to need a woman to bolster their vanity."

He snorted. In her oblivious way, she was again being almost insulting. "What about Englishmen?"

She considered it. "Englishmen are born vain. They don't need a woman for that purpose."

He felt better, and found that he

wanted to talk to her. He told her that his fiancée had jilted him during the war, that he'd got over that by now, but that he had been so busy setting up his business that he hadn't had time yet to get himself involved.

"And you?" he asked.

"I almost did get married once or twice during the war. I'm glad I didn't. A girl shouldn't get married until she can do without it. Too many people marry for security, or escape, or to get away from austerity. You have to be sound in mind and limb and pocketbook first. I wasn't... until Gro-Gro."

She was a nice girl, and a sensible one. He said impulsively, "Look here, Gro-Gro means a lot to you, doesn't it?" She nodded.

"All right, I'll take it on. We'll have to cut manufacturing costs, fix up that stupid sprayer, whip up some good advertising, not that stuff Eric sends out." He looked at her in sudden consternation. "Did you write it?"

She nodded. He shook his head wearily. "We'll have to do better than that. But you'll get the hang of it."

"The know-how?"

"The know-how." They looked at each other and grinned, and suddenly they were friends. He raised his glass. "Cheers," he said.

"Here's how," she answered.

He felt elated. Gro-Gro would be fun. He wondered if, now that they were friends, he could kiss her when he took her home.

It was a delicious thought. He looked at her closely and decided against it. She was as pretty as an English garden... behind a high stone wall. He sighed. Oh, well, there were two weeks more.

Bill collected Lesley promptly at ten the next morning. It would be a good day. The weather was perfect, crisp and cool. He had the top of his convertible down, and he felt he could count on his aunt's motherly hospitality to chip away at the British iceberg.

Looking back on it, he realised that he could have made more of that Sunday, though at the time it had seemed completely perfect.

Lesley had appeared, cool and more immaculate than ever, announcing that she was ready to be shown his America. Everything had delighted her—the drive, the scenery, above all, the streamlined kitchen at his aunt's house.

She, in turn, had enchanted his aunt and uncle.

"She's a nice girl, Bill," said Aunt Mary, nodding her head emphatically, "even if she isn't American."

It had been a successful day. Bill had spent most of it in his uncle's workshop, sweating and fuming, and had finally emerged with a simplified sprayer that could be attached directly to the hose—no long tube, no can in pocket—and Lesley had been impressed.

"Eric was right," she said slowly. "You are clever. You do have the know-how." Bill felt as though he had planted a radish and come up with an orchid.

It had been a romantic day, almost. Sunset when they left, dark by the time they hit the parkway, and Riverside Drive, twinkling with a million lights, had never put on a prettier, brighter show.

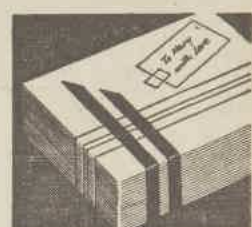
Bill longed to make love to her, but again decided against it, because he wasn't sure what he had in mind. But perhaps he should have done more that day; he hadn't had a chance since.

Please turn to page 45

Christmas Tricks

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IT'S EASY AND IT'S FUN—
to decorate for Christmas
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with 'Durex' Gift Wrap Tape.
A range of colours is available
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handy plaid dispenser—
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5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—
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have proved you may break the laxative
habit... and establish your
natural powers of regularity. 85%
of the cases tested did it. So can you.
Stop taking whatever you now take.
Instead: Every night for one week
take 3 Carter's Little Liver Pills. And
week—one each night. And week—
one every other night. Then—nothing!
Every day; drink eight glasses
of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock"
the lower digestive tract and from
then on let it make use of its own
natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills
contain no habit-forming drugs. Get
Carter's Little Liver Pills at any
chemist or store.



Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.

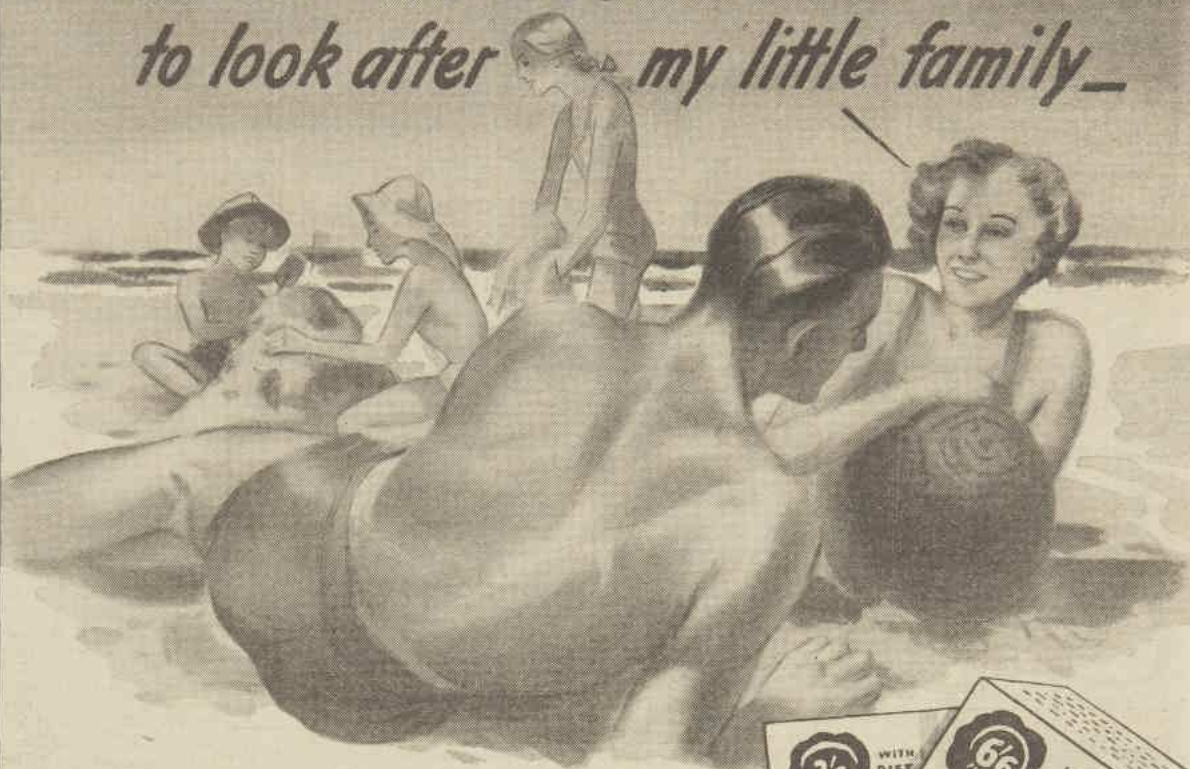


Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.



Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

"At last I'm free to look after my little family—"



This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take the Menthoid treatment.

Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. . . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family.

Many thanks to Menthoids for my new happiness.



Start a course of Menthoids to-day

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES
Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Menthoids will help you too, if you suffer

Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

Menthoids contain no harmful drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family

treatment that has brought relief from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

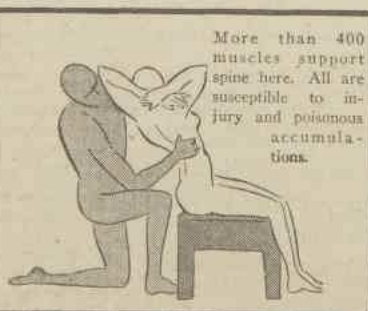
How the Menthoid Treatment acts

A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and bloodstream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective

properties after passing through the digestive tract. Menthoids help to drive out the poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.



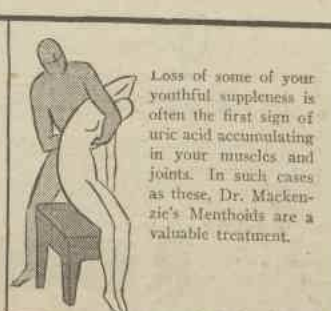
Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

Interesting People



MISS EDITH BURBRIDGE
has the answers

BRITAIN'S first woman Foreign Office News Department spokesman, 29-year-old Edith Burbridge, will hold her own daily Press conferences attended by 50 to 60 British and foreign diplomatic reporters. She must give immediate answers to questions, besides keeping all F.O. departments up to date on new developments. Has worked for Ministry of Information; British Information Service, New York; and British Embassy, Washington; and has published detective-thriller, "Curiosity Killed the Cat."



MR. W. BERGE PHILLIPS
... for Empire Games

YOUNGEST member and only representative in the southern hemisphere on the committee of the International Amateur Swimming Federation is Sydney solicitor William Berge Phillips. He will see that international rules are observed in swimming events at Empire Games, to be held in Auckland next February. Educated at Fort Street High School and Sydney University, he is still a member of Varsity water polo team, and secretary of the Australian Swimming Union.



MISS MARGARET LORD
... takes pink out of boudoir

PLANNING decorations and furnishings for her third ship, the Kanimbla, is Margaret Lord, Victorian-born interior designer, who works in Sydney. As color consultant is responsible for new "conditioned-to-aspect" schemes used in redecoration of Heidelberg Repatriation Hospital, where different colored walls are used in same ward. "Pink makes a good background for even a mile room," she says. "The whole range of greys makes an ideal background for flowers and paintings. Greys have tremendous possibilities."

Imported Woman

Continued from page 43

THE following week passed in a frenzy of work. On Monday, while Janet, Bill's secretary, kept supplying Lesley and him with a constant stream of coffee, tea, and sandwiches, they made estimates, allocations, whittled away at costs. The first thing he told her, was to find a manufacturer who would make the sprayer at their figure; then came the selling job, the advertising and publicity.

"Four things," he told her. "You've got to know the market, know your product, know the right people. And you can't take no for an answer."

They were all things he knew well, and he laded out his knowledge as rapidly as she could drink it in. She learned fast. She asked a few questions, but for the most part she listened carefully, making notes, absorbing it all like a sponge.

"And get to know the people," he told her. "Buy them a drink, take them to lunch, ask their advice, flatter them, be friendly." He helped himself to more coffee and grinned at her. "In the Army we called this an indoctrination course."

"If you gave the courses, I don't wonder we won the war."

He shook his head sadly. "For flattery, sister, that was pretty corny."

"I wasn't trying to flatter you," she put in quickly. "I meant that I've learned more from you in one day than I'd have learned in a month by myself. Eric couldn't have taught me. He'd just have given me a list of names and told me to 'go out and see what you can do.' But you've given me—"

"The works."

She smiled. "Yes, the works."

He said, "I'm beat now. Let's get some supper."

But she refused, said she was going to bed and have dinner sent up, and study her homework. She took home the pile of papers.

Bill hardly saw her after that. Occasionally she'd drop into the office to ask his advice or to get him to give her an introduction she needed. But for the most part she fought the battle of the soil by herself, competently, surely, and with charm.

"People here are so nice to you," she sighed happily one day. "If they can't help you themselves, they ring up all their friends and get someone who can. They really are nice."

"They are, if you're nice to them."

Even to himself he sounded surly. She had learned almost too fast. He'd hardly seen her. Lunch, drinks, dinners were all constantly booked up. The sprayer manufacturer had taken her to lunch at a classy restaurant. The carton manufacturer and his wife had taken her to a flashy nightclub. Three department-store buyers had conveniently arranged their appointments with her at the cocktail hour.

He couldn't blame them. He took a surreptitious look at her. She had bought a couple of American dresses and had a new short hair-do, and she looked younger and more casual. Pure deception. She was still completely detached, no more personal about Bill than about the elevator man and the shoeshine boy.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. It was almost the end of the first week, and he had only a week more. On Friday he asked her if she would like to go up to his aunt's for the week-end. "No work this time; just sit and relax. Maybe go for a ride. Maybe go on a picnic. Maybe ... but that was something he'd better not think about."

Her disappointment was genuine. "Oh, Bill, I'd love to. I'm so fond of your uncle and aunt. But the Martins have asked me out to Long Island, and I'd better go. Don't you think?"

Frank Martin was advertising manager of "Suburbia." Some edi-

torial mention of Gro-Gro would fertilise their market.

"Yes," he said, annoyed. "I suppose you'd better go." Let her get around as much as she wanted, he decided. Then maybe she'd want to stay.

It was a dull week-end. He visited his closest friends, whom he never failed to enjoy, and found them intolerable bores. Three times during the week-end Mike said to him, "You know, you ought to let up on all that work. It's getting you."

He was glad to get back to town.

Lesley turned up at noon on Monday, full of Long Island and the Martins' dishwasher and outdoor barbecue. And, yes, they'd do a brief mention of Gro-Gro if she would write up all the information. That took care of Monday night. She went home with the office portable typewriter.

On Tuesday she told him, very casually, that Eric had phoned.

"What did he want to know?" Bill demanded.

"Just if everything was going all right."

"I don't know why he had to call," he said pettishly. "I sent him a cable yesterday."

"He wanted to know when I was coming back. I told him I hadn't talked it over with you, but that, as things were going so well, it might be a good thing if I stayed over for six months or so."

The pettiness vanished. Bill felt on top of the world. "What did he say?"

LESLEY laughed. "I think he was annoyed. He said he'd have to think it over."

He looked at her quickly. "He's probably in love with you."

No answer.

"Is he?"

Lesley shrugged her shoulders. "He says he is. He isn't, really. He just wants a hostess for his cocktail parties."

Bill felt enormously relieved, as if he'd been holding his breath for a long, long time, and could now let it out slowly, easily.

He looked at his watch. "You've got half an hour before you have to go out and make large blue eyes at the Carton King. Powder your nose, baby, and I'll buy you a quickie and you can make large blue eyes at me."

They had two drinks. One more and he would have held her hand, at the very least. He hadn't felt so good since he was a lifeguard during college vacations and had sat out a tower all day, feeling like a king.

He put his elbow on the table and looked at her long and hard. "And you want to go out with a crummy little guy from Brooklyn and talk about cartons and crates?"

"No, I don't." But she got up to go.

"Well," he said, grinning, "have fun."

She stuck out her tongue at him. He felt fatuous and foolish and very well pleased. At least she wouldn't have stuck out her tongue at the elevator man.

Bill went back to the office after she left and wrote a long airmail letter to Eric, saying that he now had more business than he could handle, and recommending that Lesley should stay.

Wednesday, Thursday. She promised to take the week-end off and go up to Connecticut with him. "I'd love to, Bill. I'm dead to the world. If you don't mind if I just sit."

She could go into a yogi's trance, so long as he could sit and look at her.

Please turn to page 49



Lifebuoy
The soap that suits them all



Identical twins —a race apart

One set of twins is born for about every ninety single births. With a "double ration" in every ninety births, parents and twins themselves, should have some understanding of the problems involved. All too often, the affinity between identical twins is emphasized by unthinking parents. With different treatment many of the problems peculiar to twins would disappear.

Read all about it in the December issue of

A.M.

Australia's leading monthly magazine

On sale this week at all newsagents and bookstalls.

1/-

We're off to see the Wizard

THE AUTOMATIC
WASHER THAT HAS TO
BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED



You certainly meet a washday wizard when you see the Bendix Home Laundry in action. The Bendix is completely automatic! It washes... rinses 3 times in clean, fresh water... spins the clothes damp-dry... cleans itself... drains itself... shuts itself off. Your hands need never touch water.

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What's wrong with the Australian girl?

George McGann, a keenly observant American visitor, has some very flattering (and also some not so flattering) things to say about the Average Australian girl.

On the credit side, he says that they "are pretty and affectionate, warm-hearted, and laughter-loving."

This article, published in the December issue of A.M., is a remarkably frank statement of how the Australian girl appears through American eyes.

Be sure to read it.

The December issue of

A.M.

on sale this week

Ask your newagent for it

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throughout Australia

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are the best dyes.
Ask your Chemist—
his skilled advice is

FREE

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

SHEER fabrics are cool and lovely for a summer bride and her attendants, and even the most formal bridal gown can be an affair of froth and ruffles.

Something girlish

"**MINE** is to be a Christmastime wedding, and as I am still in my teens I want to be married in something girlish and really feminine. I am to be married as a bride, and wondered if you consider white organdie and lace too informal for the occasion. Would it be possible for you to publish a style so that I could take it to my dressmaker, who is keeping the time to make up my bridal frock?"

I can't think of anything prettier and more suitable for a summertime wedding, particularly for a teenager, than the combination of white organdie and lace. I have illustrated a design. The skirt is floor length, and has no train.

It is made of alternating bands of plain and knife-pleated white organdie separated by tiny frills of narrow val lace. The pleated band is repeated around the shoulders. The bodice has no sleeves. The veil is short and held in place with a coronet of orange blossom.



THE combination of organdie and lace is pretty for a young bride.

Trousseau buying

"**WOULD** you tell me the type of clothes that are correct to have in a trousseau? I have asked several of my girl friends, who are also being married, and as none of us knows what we should buy, we decided on writing to you for advice."

Most modern brides, if they are wise, select their trousseau clothes as the backbone of their future wardrobe and to last for several seasons. The actual designs, of

course, depend on several factors, the type of life you will be leading, the place you will live in, and the climatic conditions of that place. The following are a few practical hints that may help you all when shopping for trousseau clothes. Choose a bridal gown that, after the wedding, can be converted into an evening or dinner gown and a going away outfit which can serve as a basic ensemble. I consider a suit is a trousseau "must"—a classic suit to wear with varying blouses and later under a fur or topcoat. Quality, not quantity, is a good slogan for lingerie and have at least some of your undies pretty and feminine.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Practical designs

"**AS** I am one of those people nobody seems to cater for—a busy young mother with three children—I wondered if you could help me. I want a couple of ideas for dresses for Christmas, one for daytime and one for evening (informal). The dresses must be simple as my dressmaker is only average. It is also necessary for the designs to be easily slipped on, as I have no time for complicated dressing. My figure is fairly average, but I am rather large over the hips."

The step-in dress that buttons from neck through the torso and allows the wearer to step into it instead of pulling it on is a practical, established summer fashion and one that should be quite perfect for your wants.

This type of dress is seen in all materials; the material dictates the formality of the dress. Furthermore, you will find the centre closing on the design will create a smooth line over your hips. This line is slimming. Most popular fastenings are buttons or a long zipper from neck to clear the waist. Lined with an embroidered scallop edging would be attractive for the daytime, and for five o'clock onward I suggest a self-spotted taffeta. Have the latter finished with a low-cut neckline, for that extra cool look, and the waistline finished with a bow tie belt.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"**ELINOR**."—A smart blouse styled with a new shaped collar and yoke. The material is crepe with a white spot printed on aqua, sage-blue, red, and sage-green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 34/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 36/9. Postage 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/9. Postage 1/3 extra.

"**CLARE**."—Tailored shorts and matching bra top. The material is summer breeze obtainable in sage-blue and deep rose printed in a white spot.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 24/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/9. Postage 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 17/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 19/3. Postage 1/3 extra.

"**ANNE**."—Pretty housefrock with a frilly trim. The material is summer breeze printed in a small design in black and white on sky-blue, lemon, celery-green, aqua, and pink.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/9. Postage 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 24/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 26/9. Postage 2/- extra.

N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

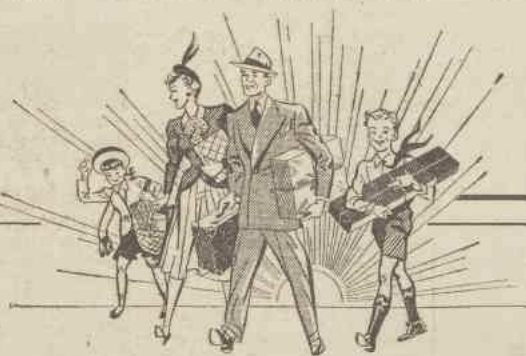
SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 12), or by post.
Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide
Box 481Q, G.P.O., Perth
Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane
Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle
Tasmania: Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney (N.Z. readers use money order only)



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The people are secure in their jobs and have secured that freedom for which LABOR has always fought... freedom from want.

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... when friend remembers friend—
and family bonds grow stronger.

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Santas—and 'JEWELX' too, for adding
lustre to your giving. Individually fashioned
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lever movement is the unanimous choice of the Federated
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with rare permanence and perfection. 'JEWELX' watches always,
for your Yuletide plans . . . but see your Jeweller early
because popularity makes them hard to get.

YOURS FOR ALL TIME . . .

Jewelex
The Choice of a Thousand Jewellers



Insignia of the Federated Retail Jewellers' Association. "JEWELX"
watches can only be purchased at Jewellers displaying this sign.



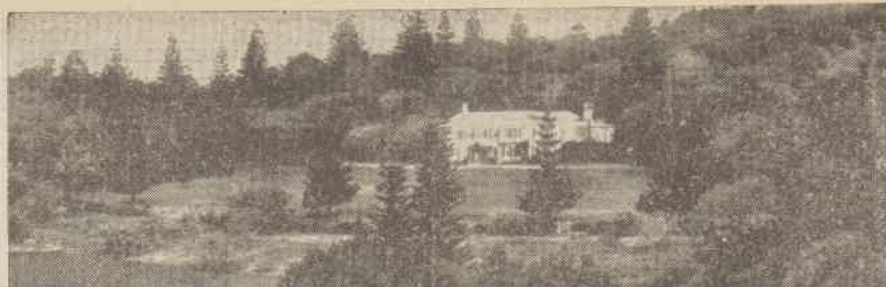
"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!



Yes, even finest soaps and soap
shampoos hide the natural lustre
of your hair with dulling soap film.

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new
patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your
hair the very first time you use it, leaves it
shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse.
- Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest
water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!
Halo Quality guaranteed by Colgate



PLANTATION HOUSE, the 40-room residence of the Governor of St. Helena, Sir George Joy, whose wife
is an Australian.

Australian is first lady on St. Helena

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

The first lady of lonely St. Helena, Lady Joy, and her husband, Sir George Joy, who has been Governor of the island since 1947, are on leave in London.

When I spent a morning in their cosy Jermyn Street flat, Lady Joy, who was formerly Helen Wallace, of Sydney, told me that their greatest ambition is to make St. Helena self-supporting through its Christmas lilies, for which it has the world market, and its flax and fishing industries.

"THEN we can build a tourists' hotel that will enable people to enjoy the charm of the quietly spoken gentle islanders, and the beauty of this solitary Atlantic island," said Lady Joy.

Sir George and Lady Joy met in the New Hebrides, when Sir George was in the Colonial Service and Lady Joy's father, Frank Wallace, was there as a barrister. They married in the New Hebrides in 1925.

A cheerful woman, with a deep love of humanity, the easy friendliness that characterises Australians, and an abundance of energy that helps to get things done, Lady Joy spends her time working with the women in their guilds and institutes. Her husband governs the 4750 islanders from the administrative offices at Longwood House, Napoleon's quarters during his exile.

In addition, Lady Joy directs the household at the Governor's residence, Plantation House, a fine old Georgian home.

"Because we are like one big happy family in St. Helena, my visiting list to Government House is a long one and expensive," she said.

"We keep open house and there is no color bar. Islanders are invited on their merits and standing in the community.

"Plantation House is a beautiful home any woman would be proud to live in. It was built in 1779, and was furnished 150 years ago in the most sumptuous style.

"There are 40 rooms, and each one has a brass plate, 'Admiral's Room,' 'Admiral's Dressing Room,' 'Baron's Room,' 'Baron's Dressing Room,' and so on. No one knows who put the plates up."

Lady Joy has kept in very close touch with Australia all her life, making frequent visits to the Commonwealth up till 1939, when her husband became resident adviser to the Sultan of the State of Shih and Mikalla in the Hadhramaut and to the Sultan of Seiyun in the Kathiri State. After that she went to live in Aden, where Sir George was Secretary to the Government.

"But whether we had Arab cooks or Persian pot-boys, I always took my Australian Presbyterian Cookery Book with me," said Lady Joy. "I've had it since I was a young woman in Australia, and some of the best dinner parties I've given in govern-



ISLAND GIRLS of St. Helena with Mrs. Mollie Holbeck, who is teaching them dancing.

Lady Joy warned me. "The population is always known as the islanders. They are descendants of settlers from Great Britain and slaves from Asia and Africa brought by the East India Company. But the language has always been English and the English way of life—you might say—more English than the English.

"Because they are so intensely loyal and look to England with almost a spiritual devotion, the consuming ambition of the islanders is to send their children to England."

Sir George Joy recently met the first batch of islanders to arrive in England as teachers and domestic workers.

Lady Joy introduced school meals in the seven schools on the island, which have between 1100 and 1200 pupils, who have to attend until they are 15 years old.

The new schools are responsible for a glint of pride in the Governor's eye. They went up under his administration and so did the flax mill of concrete. Houses on the lines of English pre-fabs have been built, and let at the abnormally low rentals of 2/3 and 2/8 a week.

One of Lady Joy's friends, Mrs. Mollie Holbeck, wife of the island's dentist, is teaching the island girls ballet dancing.

"The islanders have a real sense of rhythm, and are very musical," Lady Joy said.

"But their greatest talent is in their fingers. They do excellent knitting and make lace beautifully."

I was surprised to hear from her that the "new look" didn't take as long to reach St. Helena as it did to reach coupon-controlled London.

"You see, they are all home dress-makers and we have an excellent library of books and current magazines," she said.

Gala day in the life of the islanders is boat day. This is every five or six weeks, when ships to and from Capetown call at the island for a few hours.

A Government-sponsored tourist bureau has the entertainment of the ship's passengers well under control and has a fleet of cars to whisk them all over Jamestown, the capital, and more remote parts of the island.

"Just a nice run," Lady Joy laughed, "for the island is only 10½ miles long by 6½ miles broad."



SIR GEORGE and Lady Joy in their London flat while on leave from St. Helena.

ment houses have come from its recipes."

Listening to Lady Joy's story of life in St. Helena, while the newspaper headlines here screamed more taxation and a policy of harder work, it sounded like some Utopia. Certainly for the tired businessman it must be a paradise, for there are no income tax, newspapers, public transport, servant problems (maids stay 40 years or more), or color prejudice.

Perfect manners

THE whole atmosphere of St. Helena is Victorian. Children curtsy, men bow from the waist. Everyone has perfect manners.

"They are such gentle people, with an innate refinement, that when they come to Government House for the first time, you would think they were used to finger bowls all their lives," Lady Joy told me.

"And even the humblest farmer has a suit of Sunday clothes that would shame many a city bank clerk," Sir George said.

In these prim suits and best frocks the islanders attend church and the Cathedral service. They are 85 per cent. Anglican, and are administered by a bishop and two clergymen.

"Never refer to them as natives,"

BILL had to go to Washington unexpectedly on Friday to look up a patent. He took the sleeper back and went straight to the office on Saturday morning before picking up Lesley at her hotel. It was only eight-thirty and the office was usually closed on Saturdays, but, to his surprise, Lesley was there, hard at work on the typewriter.

She jumped up. "Bill, I tried all day yesterday to reach you. Eric's arriving this morning."

"What for? What did he say?" She shrugged her shoulders and handed him a cable. It simply announced the flight, and the time he was expected.

"I thought he would probably want to have a clear picture of the whole situation, what contracts we had, what we anticipated, so I drew up a report." She handed it to him.

She was being very businesslike to impress Eric. Was that the reason she was wearing a very smart new outfit?

He glanced at the report. It showed just what he expected — a promising little business. Even a dotting parent could not claim that it justified the expense of an assistant at the present moment.

"It looks good, don't you think?" she said anxiously.

"It looks as though any moment now you'll be taking off that cute hat, tying a scarf around your head and going out to plough up the Hertfordshire fields." He flipped the report aside and took hold of both her hands, and said the last thing in the world he expected to.

"You can't go back," he said. "I want to marry you." And he found that he meant it.

She looked at him in blank astonishment. "Whatever for?"

It was not, perhaps, the most romantic of proposals, but the completely impersonal way she took it infuriated him.

"I'm in love with you, of course. Surely it's been obvious. Any dope would have known."

Her astonishment deepened. "But I thought that was just the way Americans talked!"

He dropped her hands and paced up and down the room, trying to get a grip on himself. Suddenly she

Imported Woman

Continued from page 45

started laughing very softly, very gently.

"Oh, Bill," she said, "dear Bill. Eric was right. You are a typical American. Sentimental and kind and susceptible. You don't love me, Bill. You don't know me, so how could you? You feel sorry for me. You think I'll have to go back to England and that I'll hate it. I won't really, you know." She paused, and then mused, "There's one thing more about the typical American—"

"What?"

There was a slight catch in her voice. "He's chivalrous."

Is he? He thought. He took her roughly by the shoulders and kissed her hard. Then he released her slowly.

"You see what I mean, Bill. I'm not the right girl for you at all!"

He nodded, though he wasn't quite sure, and then said huskily, "Why did you want to stay?"

"For Gro-Gro," she said patiently.

"I told you when I first came that I was here strictly on business."

"Most women use that as a line." She began to lose her temper. "Do you know most women? Most men know only a couple of dozen."

He turned on her, but she held up her hand. "Let's not row, Bill. Eric will be here at any moment."

"By all means let's not row," he said, mimicking her accent. "Let's be frightfully well-bred."

They glared at each other. Without a word, Lesley picked up the report and started typing. Bill buried himself in papers at his desk.

The minutes ticked on. At nine-thirty there was a knock on the door. Bill jumped to open it, and managed to get a good deal more cordiality in his voice than he felt: "Good to see you, Eric. Have a good trip?"

He had forgotten Eric was so suave and well-groomed. The grey suit, dark tie, black Homburg, neatly rolled umbrella, all brought with them a rush of memories about England, the restraint, the constraint, the double talk.

Eric put down his hat and umbrella, peeled off his gloves and kissed Lesley on the cheek.

"You're looking well, my dear." His glance flickered briefly over the hat. "Extremely well. You've done a splendid job and, I gather, made quite an impression on Bill."

Bill shifted to his other foot. "Have you had any breakfast, Eric?"

"On the plane. But I could do with another cup of coffee."

There was no coffee shop in the vicinity, and Bill could not visualise Eric on a drugstore stool. He phoned to have coffee sent up. It came almost immediately and Eric looked with acute distaste at the cardboard container. "Do we drink it like this?"

There was probably no one more charming, thought Bill, than an Englishman in his own country, and no one more trying than an Englishman in somebody else's. On second thought, he admitted ruefully that that very likely applied to Americans as well.

OVER coffee they got down to business. Eric read the report, asking questions as he went along. At length he put it down.

"Not bad," he said. Bill knew that meant "very good." "Not bad at all. It's a beginning. It's promising. It has possibilities."

Lesley was sitting on the edge of her chair. "Do you think it's worth while my staying over?" She sounded a little breathless.

Eric nodded. "It's a gamble, of course. What isn't, these days?"

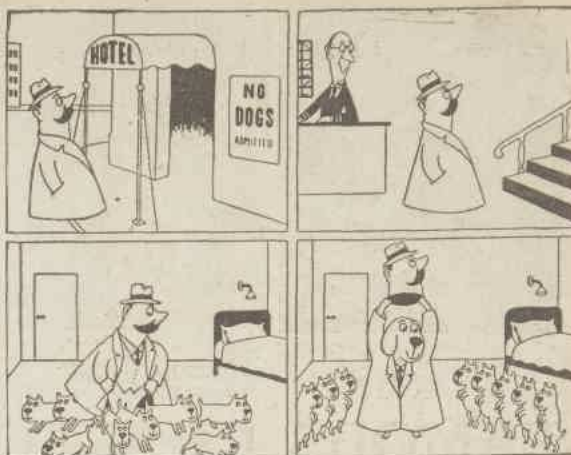
Bill was too stunned to speak.

"I'll gamble further," Eric said, and Bill noticed the amused look in his eye. "I'll bet you a Paris model, Lesley, against your new hat that in six months you'll be ready to come home."

He was looking at Lesley, but Bill knew it was a challenge to him.

"And I'll bet a Park Avenue hat—with a can of Gro-Gro thrown in—that she'll stay."

Lesley smiled impartially at them both. "Either way, I win," she said.



"All we have to do now is wait for Gro-Gro."

Eric sat bolt upright in his chair. "Hasn't it arrived yet? It was sent two months ago!"

"I know," said Lesley. "I've checked at the Customs. But it hasn't . . . Has it, Bill?"

"No, it has not." Then the implication of what they were saying suddenly dawned on him. "It was sent two months ago?" he said.

Bill felt his anger mounting. He got to his feet and found that he was shaking. "You sent it over two months ago, without consulting me, before I had made up my mind whether to take it on or not. So that's why Lesley came instead of you. It was her job to play up to me, soften me up."

Lesley's hand cracked down on his jaw with a terrific wallop. "What a stupid fool you are! What a raging idiot!" She rushed from the office, slamming the door behind her. Bill started to follow her, but Eric restrained him.

"Wait a minute, old man," he said quietly. "You've got it all wrong, you know."

Bill looked at him. Eric's sincerity was obvious. He realised immediately that they had not played him for a sucker; it was simply that they

were so obtuse, so typically British, that they didn't admit the chance of failure. His anger faded, and he found himself giving grudging admiration to anyone who, in times like these, could be sure of anything.

They had the know-how in America, but over there they had something else, maybe just as good.

He found Lesley at the water cooler, bending over the fountain and dabbing at her eyes. She wrung out her handkerchief and put it on his jaw. "I'm sorry, Bill," she said, in a small voice.

He nursed his jaw. "You were wonderful," he said. "I didn't know you had it in you."

"You don't know much about me at all."

"But now," he said as softly as she, "I've got six months to learn." He leaned across the fountain and kissed her.

It was not a five-star, supercolossal success, but it was better than the one before. He took off her hat that got in the way and kissed her again.

"It's a beginning," he said. "It's promising. It has possibilities."

Lesley took her hat from him and twirled it on her finger, studying it thoughtfully. "And," she said at last, "it's a gamble."

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This is it, young man, make yourself at home

PRIDE, humanity, kindly fellow-feeling . . . you feel them all when you open your door to a British migrant . . . you give someone a new start! We need people to share this land of ours . . . three times as many people as we now have. Once they're here, many of them will give a hand in building homes or providing much-needed labour and materials, but temporarily they need a roof over their heads.

Isn't there a spare room at your place? Couldn't you, for a while, open your

door to a British migrant? The men and women who are being invited here are skilled artisans, chosen from many trades and occupations or other useful workers. They've got something to give to this country! We need a bigger population. You will get a threefold satisfaction out of your kindly act—you will help yourself, your country and the newcomers!

It will place you under no obligation to send for full particulars of this accommodation plan. Fill in the coupon below and send it off immediately.



GIVE A HELPING HAND TO A BRITISH MIGRANT

All British migrants pay their way

The Secretary, Department of Immigration, Canberra, A.C.T.
Please send me the Question and Answer Folder, "Helping a British Migrant". This enquiry does not place me under any obligation.

Name

Address



COSTER. Maurice Denham looks dirty and unshaven in a card game in the Gainsborough film, "A Boy, a Girl, and a Bike."



COMIC. A major comedy role in "It's Not Cricket" turns Maurice Denham into Otto Fisch, an escaped Nazi on the run.



SOLDIER. Denham's Otto Fisch becomes a British soldier. He feels it is a logical disguise for moving around England.



SLICKER. Another about face for Maurice Denham in the same film, when he uses a stiff collar, a blue serge suit, and a bang.



SERIOUS. Next a grim expression, a walrus moustache, and a cloth cap give Maurice (as Otto) an "Old Bill" look.

FAMOUS CHARACTER MAN

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Millions of housewives in Britain have Maurice Denham to thank for the fact that their children have taken to hiding under tables and chairs, squeaking "I'm a ferret . . . I'm a ferret!"

There are some grown-ups at it too.

MAURICE DENHAM is the famous Dudley Davenport of "Much Binding in the Marsh," hit radio show of Britain and Australia. The ferret episode came about during a rehearsal.

"Much Binding" gang was supposed to be hunting for a ferret in a hedge, and producer Kenneth Horne had marked on the script, "M.D. (ferret effects)."

Maurice Denham read that one and goggled. What sort of noise does a ferret make, anyway? Denham, who is loaded with most of the odd jobs in sound effects required for the show, went away and pondered. Right, said Horne, rehearsals everybody. When they were halfway through the script he stopped abruptly and looked up under astonished brows at Maurice Denham.

"What on earth's that noise you're making?"

Squeaked Maurice Denham, still in the tiny voice, "I'm a ferret."

"We'll keep that in," said Kenneth Horne.

Maurice Denham is like none of the characters he has played on radio, in films, or on the stage. He is full-faced, balding, alert, and fluent in his conversation, and, naturally, an expert mimic who retells stories or conversations he has had by taking the parts of all concerned in them.

You have probably seen Maurice Denham in dozens of British films without even knowing it. For he has played in 38 films in three years. He is the most versatile character actor in British films and is enormously in demand.

He has played detectives, doctors, spivs, criminals, Nazi spies, Service

officers—everything from a wheel-seller to an ambassador.

Apart from providing all the different accents for these roles, he also is, besides Dudley Davenport, the voice of "Mr. Blake," the sexton, "Luigi" the Italian, "Ivy Clingbine," "Winston" the dog, "Gregory" the sparrow, and "Clement" the parrot, all of "Much Binding in the Marsh."

Says Maurice: "It's surprising how much you can really get away with in radio sound effects if people don't know it's you who are doing it."

"I always wanted to go on the stage, but I didn't think my parents would let me. So I served an apprenticeship with a lift-manufacturing concern. Meantime, I did a lot of work in amateur theatricals, and when my apprenticeship was over I informed my people that I had had an offer to appear in repertory."

"They told me—this just shows you how unpredictable parents are—they told me they didn't know why I hadn't thought of it before!"

"How do I fix a character? Well, when I am assigned a part I go home and work out my disguise in the loft, to the accompaniment of a dripping cistern-tap. I have fixed up a dressing-room and make-up table under the rafters. Then I come



HUNTED. This picture shows a crafty Denham as Otto Fisch soon after his escape from a prison in occupied Germany.



OFFICER. As a German officer in "The Bad Lord Byron," Maurice Denham wears spectacular uniform and haughty expression.

down and try it on my wife—she was once my leading lady in repertory—and on my two sons, Christopher and Timothy.

"I hate washing-up, but I really have that to thank for the tag-line, 'Oh . . . I say, I am a fool!'"

"I was lending my wife a hand on the maid's day off and dropped a cup. I looked at it and tut-tutted, and said, 'I am a fool.' We laughed. Then something clicked in my mind, and I thought a laugh-line could be developed from that."

Dudley might be a fool, but the man behind Dudley is the most un-foolish person I have met in radio.

"Much Binding" is a terrific favorite with the Royal Family. Last winter when Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret went to the studio to watch a performance, Maurice Denham surprised them by saying he had met them before.

Where? Er . . . well . . . years before, when they were little girls, and he serviced the lift in their old home at 145 Piccadilly.

Even grown-up ladies can learn from chubby babies

The freshness of a baby's skin is no lovelier than Joan's own dewy complexion. "A tiny baby taught me my lesson," says Joan. "Seeing how gentle Pears cared for my baby niece's skin showed me the value of pure, mild Pears for grown-up complexions, too."

Use Pears yourself and you will find that your skin will take on the silken softness of a tiny child's.

Pears

A day sailing on the harbour under a clear, blue sky . . . yet Joan knows that her complexion will remain the object of admiring eyes. For her skin will be as fresh and lovely as ever, thanks to pure, mild Pears.

There's no longer need for you to envy the soft glow of baby's tender skin. Your own complexion will gain a lovelier-than-ever freshness with pure, mild Pears.

Pears is the original transparent soap . . . It's so pure you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. Millionairess LOLA LEEDS falls in love with Larry, and sends him to Hollywood to play dramatic roles. Producer SAM HILL hires horror actors to scare Larry, who hides inside a suit of armor. Thieves get into the house led by BOSTON BLOOIE and see a strange thing.

As I Read The STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Avoid extremes or too much excitement from December 1 to 3. You may have to pay for it with depleted nerves and health from December 4 to 6. Be careful also with speech and pen, for your judgment will not be as sound as usual.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Your luckiest day is December 3, the rest of week very doubtful. Guard against financial loss, beware of being imposed upon by others, and don't rely too much on speculation or games of chance.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): If you have a partner, try not to be too forceful this week. The aspects from December 1 to 6 tend to be unreliable and volcanic. However, December 3 could help you with some bright ideas.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): November 30 and December 3 are your best days this week. December 1, 4, 5, and 6 are adverse. Apply your energies to work in hand, for there is little benefit from any other source. Avoid overstrain.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): A rather tricky week from December 1. Don't be unduly swayed by affairs of the heart. Avoid indiscretions, risky ventures, sharp words, and misunderstandings on December 4 and 5. Try your luck on December 3.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Don't wear yourself out or cause friction on December 4, 5, and 6. Try to keep harmony in the home, your personality could easily override others. Action needs wise direction this week. Best dates November 30 and December 3.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A week of petty worries and restrictions. Keep a close curb on tongue and temper from December 1 to 6. Be tactful with relatives. No day likely to be really lucky, although things ease on December 3.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Your personal possessions, income, and expenditure are involved this week. Avoid any risky or doubtful proposals on December 1, 4, 5, and 6. You gain the most benefit on December 3.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Assert your personality and initiative from December 1 to 3, but use tact and discretion from December 4 to 6. These days are fraught with difficulties affecting ambitions, personal plans, and career.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A week of unexpected worries. Be warned against rashness and deception, and deal only with those whom you can trust. Look well into any matters involving contracts, agreements, or law, especially during December 1, 4, and 5.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): November 30 to December 3 fair, December 4 to 6 adverse. Friendships are in danger late this week. Don't be too assertive, and use caution regarding new contacts or engagements involving risk.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Some achievement or uplift should be felt nearing December 3, but your handling of situations will need extra care during December 4 and 5. Partners and associates are not well disposed. Be your most tactful self.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.)

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Pretty
above
and



smooth
below
with



There's never been such accent on figures—and never such garments as these for curve-control. The Merica HI-LINE brassiere gives you the accented uplift, the definite separation you want—and the new Merica HI-LINE corset "belittles" your waist, smooths hips and tummy into slender lines. These two modern Merica HI-LINE garments are available at any good store.

Merica HI-LINE Brassiere
"Diamond-stitched" for figure-moulding control—the shape is stitched in. This is the brassiere that never loses its shape. Made with three cup-fittings in each size, in peach or white satin or all lace.

Merica HI-LINE Corset
With the amazing adjustable waistline. The "diamond-stitched" midriff panel is adjustable—to minimise your waist. High in front, long in length, it's a completely new idea in comfortable figure control.

Merica HI-LINE Brassieres and Corsets
THEY KEEP THEIR SHAPE — AND YOURS!



IF THE CANDY SUPPLY and their patience hold out, Edmond O'Brien and his actress wife, Olga San Juan, plan to teach their massive German shepherd dog, Val, a complete repertoire of tricks. They find Val an excellent companion for their new baby daughter.



ANN SHERIDAN lost so much weight while filming "I Was a Male War Bride" in Germany that she has been put on a high-calorie diet to build up curves. Here she is peeling peaches ready to whip up a tasty dessert.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ He Walked By Night

EAGLE-LION offers a super-charged thriller in "He Walked By Night," featuring Richard Basehart as a cold-blooded genius of crime.

Using dramatic documentary style, the film is supposedly based on police records and involves close inspection of a police department in efficient operation.

In this picture there is no mystery about "whodunit." The killer's identity is known to the audience from the start.

When he murders a policeman in the opening scene, the law swings into action and you follow every step of the criminal's career as dogged detective work slowly closes the dragnet.

The cast is small, compact, and their matter-of-fact style adds to the realism.

Richard Basehart gives a highly polished performance as the killer who leaves no fingerprints, has no criminal record, leaves no amateurish trails, and is curiously smug as he outwits every move made by the police.

Behind the thin lips and chill eyes of the character he portrays in "He Walked By Night," there is obviously a young man of considerable natural charm and looks, who has a definite touch of assurance which should carry him far with his film career.

In Sydney—the Capitol.

★ Saraband

STEWART GRANGER, Joan Greenwood, Flora Robson, and Francoise Rosay head the large cast in this period technicolor melodrama of 17th century court intrigue, immorality, and tragedy.

The plot unfolds against the lush background of the Hanoverian court at the time when Germany was divided into numerous small States, and the Ealing film has the merits of magnificent costumes and settings and some superb photography.

The demerits are a lumbering and sombre screen play, and slow action excepting in one or two notable sequences. The galaxy of talent performs with all the aplomb it can muster, but generally finds it hard going.

Romance and drama in Bergman film

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

THE gossip from R.K.O. is that "Stromboli" has some dramatic and violent love scenes, the like of which Bergman has never acted in all her career, and that she is superb in them.

The story is actually saturated with emotion, and according to the script, which I recently saw for the first time, Bergman meets Mario Vitale, who plays the fisherman,

across a wire fence in a displaced persons camp.

She persuades him to marry her, and after he brings her to his home in Stromboli she has a love affair with the lighthouse-keeper.

It is not typically Bergman, but it will be very interesting to see how successfully she handles the role.

I HEAR Van Johnson has been promised a starring role in "Vengeance Valley." He lost a similar role to Joel McCrea in "Outriders," and he has been insisting on cowboy spurs ever since. They all want to play cowboys these days.

CECILE AUBRY, who played opposite Tyrone Power in "The Black Rose," and who is a Fox contract player, recently arrived in Hollywood to be presented to studio executives. The French girl, who speaks English fluently, may or may not make good in Hollywood. All depends on the availability of an immediate role for her. If one is not available, Fox will send her back.



ON THE WAY to Chamouni in the French Alps are athletic-type Lloyd Bridges, beautiful Italian actress Vitti, Claude Rains, and Glenn Ford, to film some scenes for "The White Tower." They completed the balance of shooting in and around Hollywood.

SANTA CHOOSES GIFTS
that say Merry Christmas
and a beautiful New Year...

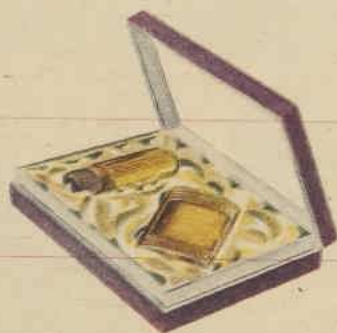


Cyclax

GIFTS



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and practical... or magnificent gifts in the "grand manner"!
Each one upholds the outstanding prestige of Cyclax
and is packed in gala Cyclax wrappings
for gracious giving.



HEART OF A ROSE

A bottle of rare French Perfume nestles in the heart of a red Rose... a rose mounted on Suedette, protected with a cellular covering. "Sombre Music" for the sophisticate; "Whispering", a youthful bouquet... 2 gns.

DUET SET

For the woman who adores elegant trifles in her handbag! Matching Gilt de Luxe Lipstick and Compact Rouge cushioned on ivory satin in a handsome Royal Purple presentation box. Eight Cyclax Make-up shades... 25/4.



OVER-SHOULDER BEAUTY CASE

Practical, compact and light-in-weight, this sleek leather traveller is available in 8 delightful colours with rich contrasting silk linings (protected with washable plastic) and holds Cyclax Home Treatment and Make-up preparations... 8 gns.

"GAY MORNING" BATH LUXURIES

Convey sweet thoughts with "Gay Morning" Skin Perfume and Dusting Powder... fresh as a breath of meadowsweet in an English field. Skin Perfume, gaily packaged... 7/2. Dusting Powder, with puff... 8/3.



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El Morocco, New York

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On New York's lips . . .
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in 8 romantic colors that
stay on . . . and on . . . and on!

"DITHER" "BEAU BAIT"
"HEART THROB" "RASCAL RED"
"BLACK BLAZE" "HONEY"
"DARK SECRET" "BLUE FIRE"



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ON SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES
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START THE DAY RIGHT

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ROMANCE OF OIL



1 FIGHTING against oil pollution of cattle land, Cherokee Lansing (Susan Hayward) is offered 20,000 dollars for oil leases which have accidentally fallen into her hands. She refuses.



2 INSTEAD, Cherokee decides to start oil drilling herself and save land. She borrows money from Jim Redbird (Pedro Armendariz), hires geologist Brad Brady (Robert Preston), and gets under way.



3 GAMBLE succeeds and oil is struck when hope is almost abandoned. This starts war with oil company and Cherokee begins to destroy more and more good cattle land against the advice of Brad Brady.



4 MONEY pours in as the forest of derricks rise up to the sky, but pasture land is endangered and Jim Redbird holds out against further wells being bored for on his property.

• "Tulsa," Walter Wanger's technicolor (Eagle-Lion) romance of early days of the oil industry in Oklahoma, shows the attempts that were made by white and red men alike to save rich cattle lands from unscrupulous oil operators.

Susan Hayward plays the feminine lead. When her father is killed by an explosion on a site adjoining their cattle holding, she goes to demand retribution and is embroiled in an oil war.

Robert Preston has the role of the geologist, who disagrees with old-fashioned methods of oil drilling, and Mexican Academy Award winner Pedro Armendariz has a star role as Jim Redbird, a leader of the Cherokee Tribe.



6 DRIVEN berserk by poisoned water killing valuable cattle on his land, although Cherokee has called oil deal off, Redbird starts fire. Caught between walls of flame, he faints away in her arms.



7 COMMANDEERING a caterpillar, and with hoses trained on him, Brad rides through the flames to drag Cherokee and Redbird to safety through the fire barrier, which they could not pass without aid.

5 CAUGHT up in mad pursuit of fortune, Cherokee undertakes to supply more oil, which means drilling Redbird's property. Brad denies announced betrothal to her.



8 LOOKING over charred derricks, Cherokee and Brad agree to build another oil empire the way Brad thinks it should be. Cherokee has learned her lesson.

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too much

AGEE

PYREX

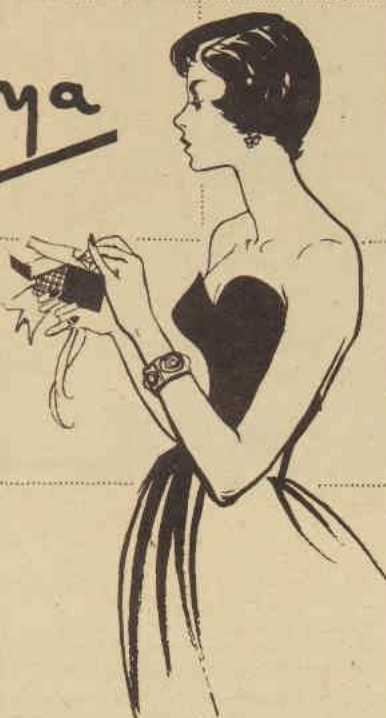
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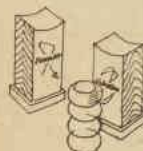
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Goya's gay perfume Crocker containing two tiny handbag phials. 7/6.



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- ALMOND



AS MAX in "Golden Salamander," 24-year-old Jacques Sernas gets his first role in British films. This handsome, athletic young actor from France already has an international reputation. Most of his film work has been done in Italy, where he is a star in his own right.

Young French actor's hectic film life

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Blond French war hero Jacques Sernas has leaped to international fame so quickly that he is now wanted in three European capitals at once.

He is a star in Italy and France, and soon will be one in England.

HE is so busy buzzing from film to film, and country to country, that he keeps cars in Rome, Paris, and London.

The day I saw Jacques Sernas at Pinewood he had flopped on the lawn, was holding his head a little wearily, chewing a blade of grass, and figuring out how to get to Italy for the week-end to film in "The Sky Is Red."

In England he is starring with Anouk and Trevor Howard in "Golden Salamander."

"Last week-end," he said, "I was in the final shot on the floor at Pinewood on the Friday night. I caught a plane to Rome and was there for the first scenes of 'The Sky Is Red' at eight o'clock on Saturday morning."

"We filmed like fury all through the week-end—the whole production had been waiting on me—and I flew back in time to get in front of the cameras of 'Golden Salamander' first thing on Monday morning."

"Just to make things difficult, my hair has to be dyed black in Rome and blond at Pinewood!"

His hair is really blond. Sernas is 24, virile and stalwart. His career reads like a novel by an author whose enthusiasm ran away with him, and his road to stardom as curious and as accidental as any that has been trod before him.

In 1943 the Nazis rounded up young Jacques Sernas, then a Resistance fighter, and sent him to Buchenwald concentration camp.

In two years he lost four stone, and helped organise the great break when the prisoners overwhelmed their guards and held out near a railway station till the American advance liberated them.

"When I got back to Paris all I had was the equivalent of £20 and my Army uniform," he said. "I wanted to continue my studies in philosophy, so I took a job as a night-watchman."

"People were very kind to me. I had to go to work in my Army clothes, because I had no others. But the food was hardly good enough to enable me to get well again."

"As I had friends at Megeve, a ski resort in the south, near Switzerland, I decided to walk there. Once again I received every kindness. I got lifts, meals, and shelter on the way."

At Megeve Jacques got a job as ski instructor and sports outfitter.

But clothes and equipment were so short, Paris couldn't fill all his orders. So he started buying his own stocks from makers he knew, and sold them in the same shop.

Then the boss from Paris walked in.

"He got a shock," Jacques told me, "and when he got over the shock he got angry. And when he got over his anger we made a deal."

"That's how I recouped my fortunes."

"Then I heard they wanted someone to play a boxer in a film in Paris."

"I applied and got the part. It was sheer luck!"

The role was in "Miroir," with Jean Gabin.

"After that," Sernas said, "they gave me other small parts. And then, out of the blue, a man called me up from Rome. He said, 'Would you like to play the lead in a film we are making in Rome?' We arranged a contract on the phone, in a jargon of Italian and French."

This, his first film lead, was a triumph. The picture was called "Last Youth." Italian critics awarded him the "Silver Ribbon" for the best performance of 1948; and he became an immediate star in Italy.

He remains completely footloose, says he hasn't got a home anywhere. "I don't know where my next film will take me, you see," he smiled.

Each of the cars he maintains in Paris, Rome, and London is a fairly old one—but powerful, fast, and well tuned-up. Motoring is his greatest passion.

"Don't ever tell me there is no such thing as luck," he said. "I got into films by luck and I have been lucky ever since."

That is a shade too modest. He has had his lucky breaks—yes.

But to get where he has got as quickly as he has got there you still have to be a Jacques Sernas.

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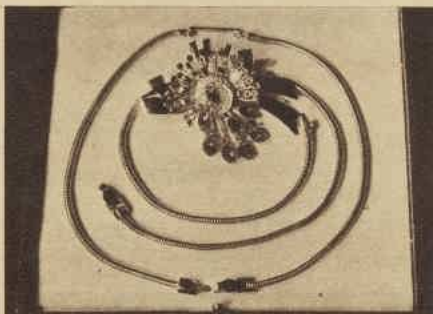
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FOR CHRISTMAS . . .



THESE exquisite gift brooches, scintillating with French rhinestones and brilliants, were designed by Donald Simpson. Skillfully made by ex-service personnel, stems are of gilded silver; stones stand out in striking relief.

FOR LAPEL ENCHANTMENT. Another of the lovely brooches simulating a fern-leaf and glittering with aqua rhinestones and brilliants, vies with world's finest in design and craftsmanship. Creations like these will soon be exported to America.



NEW GIFT CHAIN, also designed by Mr. Simpson. Simply slip pin of pretty brooch through tube on chain, and you have a sumptuous necklet. Or wear with pendant.

Yuletide gifts for the gardener

WHAT to buy that gardening friend for Christmas is a question that is very easily answered.

Advanced shrubs or trees (pot or tin-grown) will remind the recipient for years of a cheerful, thoughtful giver. Sets of seeds for New Year sowing could include sweet peas, phlox, petunias, primulas, lupins, stocks, Iceland poppies, calendulas, snapdragons, foxgloves, leptosyne, delphiniums, or nemesias.

A nice collection of bulbs for February plantings would also comprise a useful gift. They should include daffodils, hyacinths, ixias, lachenalias, ranunculi, irises, snowflakes, jonquils, and scillas.

Small garden tools such as a set of trowels and hand forks, a pruning knife, secateurs, an atomiser, garden scissors, or shears make ideal Christmas presents.

Collections of seedlings, a nice pot plant, an orchid or two, a Christmas bush, or camellia would prove lasting gifts of beauty and utility.

ARTISTICALLY tooled and studded leather handbags and matching belts like these are being made by ex-serviceman W. B. Hughes. The barrel-style handbag can be locked with a tiny key—novel and a sensible idea for travellers. Inspired by the webbing Service belts, the studded and tooled belt shown at right is made to match the square handbag in tan or natural leather.

TRAYS . . . make useful gifts

A HANDSOME tray costs a lot to buy these days, but if you buy a plain metal tray and a baking-tin you can decorate them easily and well yourself . . . and be proud of your handiwork.

These two illustrated at right were painted and decorated at little cost, and are destined as Christmas gifts.

TEA-TRAY

If you would like to copy the idea, all you have to do is choose an appealing color print, with not too fussy an outline, cut it out and stick it on the tray at an attractive angle.

Give it a coat of size and, when dry, another. Finish off with a coat of clear varnish—that's all.

DEEP TRAY

You will need an ordinary baking-tin, scarlet and blue enamels (or any other pair of colors to go with a room scheme), and a decorative picture postcard.

Rub the tin over with a rag dipped in methylated spirit to remove any



TWO ATTRACTIVE TRAYS. The smaller tray, which is deeper than the tea-tray, was specially selected and decorated for the transport of long, cool drinks from kitchen to verandah or garden. See directions on this page.

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Swim into trim...

● If you are one of the few lucky people with an ideal figure which fits perfectly into the latest in swimsuits, there is no need to read this article.

FOR the rest of us who like a dip in the sea or baths in the season, a formula for curve control necessary for swimming is essential.

Swimming is an ideal sport because, besides showing a good figure to advantage, it does very nice things for the girl with a narrow chest, small bustline, and rounded shoulders, and will help work off fat cells that are burdensome to a plump person.

Good carriage and graceful body contours depend to a large extent upon the muscles that extend from the shoulder blades to the hips.

These provide the motive power for arms and legs as you move through the water, and after a whole season of swimming they will be toned, resilient, and in fine condition.

All indoor workers are wise to make time for a swim whenever it is possible, because there are few things quite so pleasant, stimulating, and beneficial as a dash into cool waters on a warm day, and a lazy session of sun bathing afterwards.

The legs do the heavy work in swimming, and that is one reason why the pastime is recommended for reducing big calves, or filling out spindle shanks.

There should be a free, easy movement of the hip joints for the best effect upon figures of all dimensions.

In swimming there is no strain on the spine because the body is lighter than water, but the mild tension that is felt in the muscles of the mid-section tends to develop a slender, firm waistline.

About fifteen minutes is regarded as a reasonable time to spend in the water. Come out at the first feeling of fatigue or hint of chill. A brisk rubdown, an anointing with suntan oil, and some relaxation top off the programme nicely.

If you have not had the restful experience of taking your sunbath in a tilted position, try it. Lying with the head lower than the feet is the most effective trick of all.

Take time off at home sometimes to relax in this way, too. Lie on the floor, the feet up on a chair, and a pillow under the hips so that the head rests at a lower level than feet and hips.

This helps nature send more nourishment and circulation to the upper part of the body which is neglected most of our human, upright lives.

It's hard to imagine a more ideal time to do neck or eye exercises, either, but if you sleep the second you hit the ground, that is awfully good for you.

When outdoors, do not forget your sun-glasses. We all know beach glare is hard on the eyes, and surrounding tissues, pressed together to shelter the eyes, form those tiny lines that become progressively deeper as time goes by.

Do not sleep on the beach or outdoors unless well protected from the sun. Burns are dangerous as well as painful.

At the beginning of the season we all plan to do our serious sun-baking gradually, but at the first sight of a sun-tan that catches the



THE SLICKEST SWIMSUIT cannot compete without help from the figure beneath. The over-slender girl is wise to swim a little at a time, resting between swims.

imagination because the wearer looks lovely, sensible ideas on beauty care fly away, and the one aim is to achieve a deeper tan than ever before in less time than anyone has ever done it before.

Of course, it never works out, and beyond the immediate discomfort of a burn, there are some really serious aspects which we will not go into now.

But do not believe for a moment the old wives' rumor that a good first burn makes for good tanning; there are two alternatives—a good first burn either provides a good start towards a leathery skin, or removes the harder top layer of skin that is needed as a protection when sun-tanning.

Later, when it is too cold to take to the water, plan a graceful comeback next season by building up body poise with indoor exercises.

Add an overhand backstroke to the daily exercise routine to keep bust and chest muscles working and increase bust-line measurements.

Lie on the back, on a bed or couch with plenty of arm clearance, so that the legs are full length, with the feet together and flat on the floor.

Begin with both arms stretched out full reach from the shoulders. Raise them simultaneously, quite slowly, before pushing them back and down hard as you would in actually swimming backstroke.

Increase the pressure on the down-beat for best results, as though propelling yourself through the water. Try to touch the floor on each side with the fingertips before elevating the arms slowly back to the starting position.

Repeat many times during each workout. Exercises cannot be of value unless faithfully continued over some period without lapse or neglect.

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Brighten your favorite dishes by combining the reds, yellows, and greens of fruits and vegetables.

Inviting

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

PRAWN AND MELON APPETISER

One and a half pounds prawns, 1 medium-sized rock melon or honeydew melon, lemon juice, lettuce leaves, parsley, sherry (if liked).

Shell prawns, reserving larger whole ones for garnishing. Peel melon, remove seeds and pith, cut into dice. Toss prawns and melon lightly together. Spoon on to crisp lettuce leaves arranged in serving dishes. Sprinkle one dessertspoon lemon juice over each appetiser, garnish with whole prawns and parsley sprigs, chill. Just before serving, one dessertspoon sherry (or more) may be sprinkled over each, if liked.

RABBIT AND TOMATO MOULD

One and a half cups diced cooked rabbit (or lamb or veal), 1 cup diced cooked ham, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 1 cup diced cooked shallots, 1 tablespoon chopped shallots, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 cup hot water, 2 tablespoons gelatine, salt and pepper, 2 hard-boiled eggs, olives, cucumber slices, salad ingredients.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, stir in tomato juice. Set layer in bottom of wetted recess mould deep enough to cover whole of base. Combine rabbit, ham, celery, parsnip, shallot, mixing well. Season with salt and pepper, add balance of tomato juice. Fill carefully into mould—do not pour quickly, as this tends to break jelly in base of mould. Chill until firm. Unmould on to bed of lettuce, chop hard-boiled eggs, fill into recess. Garnish with halved olives, olive rings, and sliced cucumber. Arrange salad ingredients attractively around dish, serve cold.

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TOMATO BASKETS

Four or six tomatoes (one for each serving), 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, potato salad, celery strips for handles, parsley sprigs, red cocktail onions, paprika and endive or lettuce leaves.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut slice from stem-end of each and, if necessary, thin slice from base to make stand up straight. Scoop out pulp with teaspoon, making case approximately 1 in. thick—do not break outside skin. Invert; allow to drain. Dust inside of each tomato with mixture of salt, pepper, and sugar, fill with potato salad—pile above top of tomatoes. Place celery handles in

position, dust top of salads with paprika, garnish each with parsley sprig and cocktail onion. Serve on platter with endive or lettuce leaves.

Potato Salad.—Combine 2 cups diced cooked potato, 1 cup coarsely grated carrot, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons diced, parboiled red or green pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper. Toss lightly with 1 cup mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

CHATEAU BEEF SALAD

Twelve thin slices of roast beef, mustard or chutney, 1½ cups meat or vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, green coloring, 1 cup diced cooked potatoes, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped shallot, 2 cooked beetroot, chopped parsley, parsley sprigs, mayonnaise, radish curls.

Trim edges of beef slices, spread with mustard or chutney, roll up, secure with cocktail stick. Heat stock, add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Season with salt and pepper, color green, allow to cool. When beginning to thicken fold in red pepper,

PRAWN and melon appetiser, rabbit and tomato mould with salad accessories, tomato baskets, and lime and pineapple fancies, illustrated above, make a delicious summer dinner menu. See recipes on this page.

celery, and onion juice, chill until firm, then chop with sharp, wetted knife. Combine potatoes, peas, carrots, and shallots, season with salt, pepper. Arrange bed of lettuce leaves on salad platter, pile potato mixture in centre, top with mayonnaise, sprinkle heavily with parsley. Surround with chopped jelly and arrange beef rolls on the jelly edging out from the vegetable salad. Overlap beetroot slices between beef rolls, place radish curls and parsley sprigs attractively round platter, serve cold.

LIME AND PINEAPPLE FANCIES

One slab sponge cake approximately 1 in. thick, 1 cup sherry or pineapple juice, 1 pint lime jelly, 1 medium-sized pineapple, whipped cream or cream substitute, strawberries to garnish.

Cut sponge slab into rounds with a circular cutter, sprinkle each round with 1 dessertspoon sherry or pineapple juice. Set jelly 1 in. deep in wetted slab tin. When firm, cut with circular cutter (used to cut sponge) dipped in warm water. Lift jelly rings from tin with spatula or broad-bladed knife, place one on top of each sponge circle. Peel pineapple, cut into 1 in. slices, cut into rings with cutter. Remove cores, place on top of jelly. Decorate each with rose of cream or substitute and strawberry. Serve on plate decorated with strawberries and leaves.

Page 61

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 3, 1949

Use AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER for light feathery Scones, delicious Cakes, crispy Pastries.

LUX...

So safe!



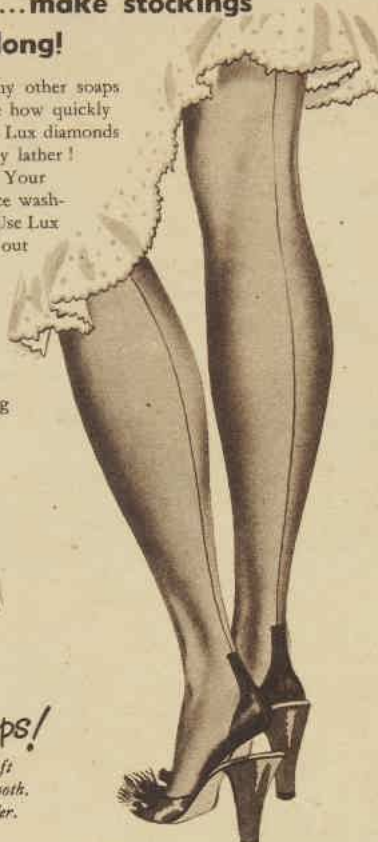
Its tiny diamonds give such fast, gentle suds....make stockings last twice as long!

Compare Lux with any other soaps you've ever used. See how quickly those tiny shimmering Lux diamonds whip up into a creamy lather! Those suds are safer. Your hands and all your nice washables will tell you so. Use Lux to whisk perspiration out of precious stockings every night. Tests prove that with Lux care, stockings last twice as long, as when you use strong soaps or harsh washing methods.



Don't risk harsh soaps!

Keeps your hands soft and petal-smooth. Lux care is gentler.



U319.WW82g

Does your STOMACH settle down for the night?



If your stomach feels unsettled when you are about to retire, take one teaspoonful of De Witt's Antacid Powder in a little water. This will ensure that you will not be troubled or disturbed by the distressing symptoms of acid stomach.

Not only does De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralise excess acidity straight away, but it also spreads a protective coating over the inflamed walls of the stomach. You sleep well

because your stomach is no longer uncomfortable. This wonderfully effective medicine gives speedy relief from after-meal pains too. A single dose is usually sufficient. So keep a tin handy and don't allow acid stomach and its attendant evils to make your life miserable.

For economy's sake, ask for the giant 4/6 size of De Witt's Antacid Powder which contains two and a half times the quantity in the 2/6 size.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain



CHEESE-TOPPED MUSHROOM SCONES are simple to prepare and will be popular for morning tea, afternoon tea, or supper. Recipe wins a consolation prize in this week's contest.

Summer meat loaf wins £5 prize in recipe contest

MINTED lamb loaf is appetising and nourishing. Served with crisp salad vegetables it will be popular in summer dinner menus.

This recipe wins the main prize in this week's popular recipe contest.

Cheese-topped mushroom scones are unusual and delicious, and make an attractive platter for afternoon tea or supper tables.

Prepare scones before serving time, but do not cook cheese topping. When required, pop under grill for few minutes to cook cheese and serve immediately, lightly sprinkled with salt.

MINTED LAMB LOAF

First Layer: One cup mint sprigs, 3 cup boiling water, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup sugar, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, salt and pepper, green coloring, 2 tomatoes, 1 cucumber, 1 hard-boiled egg.

Second Layer: One cup diced cooked lamb, 1 cup stock or water, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 cup finely diced cooked celery, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, onion, radishes, parsley, celery.

First Layer: Pour boiling water over mint, cover and soak 1 hour. Bring to boiling point, simmer 5 minutes, strain. Add gelatine and sugar, stir until dissolved. Stir in vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, color green. Arrange row of hard-boiled egg-slices along bottom of wetted loaf-tin, barely cover with mint jelly, allow to set. Pour 2-3rds jelly into tin. Leave until firm. Arrange a layer of tomato and cucumber slices on jelly, add balance of jelly, leave to set. Prepare second layer.

Second Layer: Dissolve gelatine in heated stock or water; when cold, add mayonnaise. Combine lamb, celery, and red pepper, season with salt and pepper, fold into mayonnaise mixture. When beginning to set, pour on to jelly in mould. Chill until firm. Unmould on to bed of lettuce leaves. Garnish with tomato, onion, and cucumber slices, celery curls, radish roses, and parsley sprigs.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Duck, jun., 148 Carrington St., West Wallsend, N.S.W.

CHEESE-TOPPED MUSHROOM SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, mushroom filling, 1lb. thinly sliced cheese.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Beat egg, add milk, add to dry ingredients, mixing to a soft dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to 1/2 in. in thickness. Cut with

floured 1 1/2 in. round cutter. Place on greased scone tray, bake in hot oven (475deg. F. gas, 525deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Scoop out centres of hot scones, fill with mushroom filling. Top each with circle of thinly sliced cheese, cut with scone-cutter. Place under moderately hot grill until cheese is lightly browned. Serve immediately.

Mushroom Filling: Three tablespoons margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup peeled, finely chopped mushrooms, salt and pepper to taste.

Fry mushrooms in melted margarine or butter 4 to 5 minutes. Stir in flour, cook 1 to 2 minutes. Do not allow to brown. Add milk, stir and cook until mixture boils and thickens. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. M. Usher, Box 72, North Arm Rd., Bowraville 2C, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUES

Half cup self-raising flour, 1/2 cup plain flour, pinch salt, 2oz. margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 to 3 tablespoons water.

Chocolate Filling: Two ounces margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 2 egg-yolks (well beaten), pinch salt, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Meringue Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons sugar, vanilla.

Pastry: Sift flour and salt, rub in margarine or butter, add sugar. Mix to firm dough with water. Roll thinly, cut into rounds with 2 1/2 in. cutter. Using smaller cutter (approximately 1 in.), remove centres from half pastry rounds, making rings. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 6 to 8 minutes until lightly browned. Cool on cake-cooler.

Prepare Filling: Melt margarine or butter, add 1/2 cup milk and sugar, heat. Make a paste with flour, cornflour, salt, cocoa, and balance of milk. Stir into heated milk, bring to boiling point, and simmer 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in beaten egg-yolks. Cook 1 minute longer, add vanilla essence, allow to cool.

Prepare meringue topping by beating egg-white until stiff with pinch of salt. Gradually add sugar and vanilla, beating well. Spread or pipe meringue on to pastry rings. Place on trays and bake in slow oven until meringue is set and very lightly browned. Spread pastry with cold chocolate filling, place meringue ring on top of each, and fill centre hole with extra chocolate filling. Serve as afternoon tea or supper delicacy or with ice-cream or cream substitute as a dinner sweet.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Buckley, Karoonda, S.A.

Give her Charmosan this Xmas

A delightful gift of quality cosmetics



Charmosan gift boxes

In four sizes. Each with different contents

SUPER VERM-X

AUSTRALIA'S MOST POWERFUL INSECT PEST EXTERMINATOR

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED



HERE'S FUN FOR THE KIDS!

A GAY AND COLOURFUL WALT DISNEY CHARACTER PARTY MASK is included with every bottle of VERM-X INSECTICIDE. They'll have tons of fun with these life-like party masks all printed in brilliant full colour.

DEADLY FOR MONTHS!

Living on your NERVES?

The pace of modern living puts a big strain on the human system. Do you suffer from increasing attacks of depression, weakness, lack of energy? Perhaps you're living too much on your nerves. You need WINCARNIS to put you "in step" again. WINCARNIS is a blend of carefully selected, full-bodied wines with other nourishing ingredients, rich in the vital elements for good health and strong nerves. It has a world-wide reputation as a tonic with outstanding recuperative powers and has received thousands of recommendations from the medical profession. From the moment you start taking WINCARNIS you're on the way to a more vital, buoyant health. Your Chemist sells it. Ask him for WINCARNIS - the Wine of Life.



Every wife wants a **NAMCO**

and there's a **NAMCO** for every wife

Namco crashes the Christmas Season with a scintillating range of new pressure cookers! The larger capacities for which you have waited so long . . . the lighter weight household model . . . the sensational cooker-canner for those who take pride in a shelf of preserves! Now everyone's gas and electricity bills can be brought back to a saner level. Now everyone can cut summer drudgery by half. Namco — Australia's most popular pressure cooker!



NAMCO 7 Pint

The new, lightweight, Namco household model. Big enough for a large fowl . . . easy grip handles . . . the regular Namco gauge.

NAMCO 11 Pint

Designed on similar lines to the model 9, this Namco will cater for the really large families. A particularly useful size for jam-making enthusiasts — (and what delicious jam!)

NAMCO Cooker-Canner

A 16-pint pressure cooker designed to make preserving easy. Holds several large jars, and does the complete preserving job in minutes! 104 page book of recipes and full directions. With or without preserving attachments.

Main Illustration

7 of every 10 Pressure Cooker owners in Australia have the famous Namco "Model 9." Superb quality, with an indicator gauge equal to any in the world. 72 page instruction and recipe book free.

PRESSURE COOKER

A PRODUCT OF OVERSEAS CORPORATION (AUST.) LIMITED — OFFICES IN ALL STATES.



She's hoping for . . .

Christmas Greetings from someone special. To say them with a perfume by Saville is as pretty a compliment to her taste (and your own) as a gift could be. Saville's 'Mischief' for instance! A gay, youthful fragrance with a touch of lovable impudence! Or 'June'—the soul of a thousand flowers. Or, for great occasions, 'Seventh Heaven'—the perfume that men love women to wear. She's hoping . . .!



Saville, Perfumer, Piccadilly, London.

England

An Xmas Gift for the HOME-PROUD!



NO gift can give greater pleasure, to your house-proud friends or in your own home, than these lovely pure lambs' wool Blankets from Yorkshire (England).

Women love the delicate Pastel Colours—10 Shades (and White) to match any bedroom scheme—and the generous EXTRA LENGTH and WIDTH. Soft and fleecy, light and warm; and MOTHPROOF. "Cellophane" wrapped; dust-free and untouched.

OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES

Trade Enquiries to:
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MODERNA BLANKETS

GUARANTEED
5-WAYS, 5-YEARS
All Pure Lambs' Wool
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MOTHPROOF
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Won't Shrink
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Fast to Washing
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Odourless

THOS. RATCLIFFE & CO. LTD., MYTHOLMROYD, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND

MORNING CHEER.

Bright-hued majolica china donkey drawing cart massed with fresh fruit sets off breakfast table arranged by Mrs. Walter Killough, wife of American business executive living in Melbourne. Gay fiesta-ware in brilliant colors and brightly colored bone-handled cutlery are set on plastic fruit-and-blossom-decorated table mats which Mrs. Killough brought out with her from America.



Arranged by Melbourne women



TABLE GRACE. Mrs. R. G. Casey chose palest green-and-white hydrangeas set in a bouquet of mint and arranged in white pottery basket, making intriguing centre-piece for her luncheon table for four. Glazed china place and glass mats featured large white water-lily on green background. Glassware and china in palest green and menu set in square of uncut opal provided novel finish.

Sweet little Pansy mats

● Crochet enthusiasts will welcome this new design representing a cluster of pansies with a lacy border. If you have the time, make a set for Christmas.

Materials: One ball Coat's Mercer Cotton No. 80, and fine steel crochet hook No. 6.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; d.tr., double treble; l.tr., long treble; tpl., triple treble; sl-st., slip-stitch.

For Pansy: Make 6 ch. and sl-st. to first chain. Into ring work * 2 tr., 3 ch., rep. from * 4 times, making 5 spaces.

2nd Round: 1 d.c. between the two tr. (1 tr., 6 l.tr., 1 tr.) in each of first 3 spaces, then (1 tr., 1 l.tr., 9 tpl. tr. (cotton 3 times over needle), 1 l.tr., 1 tr.) into next 2 spaces, sl-st. to small petal. Turn, 3 ch. between each of the 2 large petals and 1 d.c. into each st.

Make 3 of these pansies and join together with sl-st. in working the centre of 2 small petals. Commence again with * 1 d.c. in 3rd loop of 3 ch. in large petal of flower, 7 ch. 1 d.c. in 6th loop, 7 ch., 1 d.c. in 9th, 7 ch. 1 d.c. between large petals. Work loops of 7 ch. in next large

petal, then 7 ch., 1 tpl. tr. in centre of small petal (keeping 2 sts. on needles), 1 tpl. tr. in centre of small petal of next flower (work off together) 7 ch. continue all round from *.

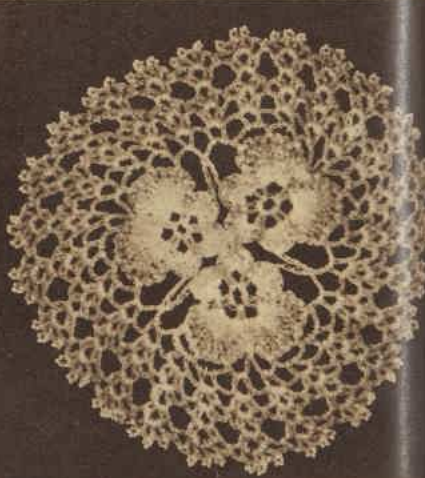
2nd Row: Sl-st. to centre of loop, work 2 tr. divided by 3 ch. into every loop and 3 ch. between.

3rd Row: 2 tr., 3 ch., 2 tr., in loop, 4 ch. all round.

4th Row: 2 tr., 4 ch., 2 tr., 1 d.c., 2 ch. all round.

5th Row: 2 tr., 4 ch., 2 tr., 4 ch. all round.

6th Row: 4 tr. with picots of 5 ch. between each 2 ch., 1 d.c. 2 ch., all



CLOSE-UP of motif showing the pansy cluster.

round. In working medallion for centre omit 3rd row. Join medallions by 3 groups of picots, leaving 13 free groups on outer edge and 2 free groups on inside.



CHRISTMAS CHEER. Enormous white cardboard stars are decorative candle-holders on simple Christmas-party table arranged by Mrs. Caroline Isaacson. Cloth is red. White plates are topped with holly spray for each guest. Snow-powdered Christmas-tree in white tub is seasonal centre-piece.



MOTIFS linked together make d'oyleys, place mats, dressing-table or buffet-table sets. Simple crochet directions given opposite page.

NOVEL. Circus set designed by famous painter of horses, Dame Laura Knight, was chosen by Melbourne hostess Mrs. Wallace Mitchell for teenagers' luncheon for six. Each plate represents a turn in a circus. Mrs. Mitchell uses set for parties for two youngest sons of her family of eight.

ILLUSTRATED on these pages are four attractive table arrangements by well-known Melbourne hostesses.

They were part of a competitive display held recently in the Myer Mural Hall, Melbourne, in aid of the British Memorial Fund.

Other tables that attracted considerable interest included a modern Chinese dinner-party setting entered by Mrs. David Wang, banquet table by Mrs. Royden Honeyman, and a formal dinner table setting by Lady Knox.

Mrs. Wang used an ivory hand-worked linen cloth with a large blue mirror for a centre-piece, which reflected the red carnations and purple iris arranged in a deep blue Venetian glass bowl, two quaint Chinese fishermen in gold, and a set of Goddesses of Mercy in silver. Pale pink chopsticks rested on silver holders in the form of a fish. These also served as place cards. Red carnations placed in the mouth of each fish provided buttonholes for male guests.

Christmas toys for children

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THIS Christmas, choose your children's toys carefully. Keep in mind the fact that the toys are destined not only to keep your little ones occupied and out of mischief, but to help them develop and express themselves.

Toys for toddlers should be durable, safe, and hygienic, with no lead paint or loose parts that prying fingers can detach and which, perhaps, may be swallowed or poked into the ears or up the nose. Choose toys that can be easily cleaned, and will not come to pieces.

Give your children constructive playthings, such as wooden blocks of assorted sizes, carpentry tools, crayons, clay for modelling or colored felts.

Toys are valuable aids to co-operative play between children, overcoming nervous habits.

Outside play equipment is important for a child's proper physical development and for allowing a release of energy, especially if play space is restricted.

A leaflet giving helpful suggestions along these lines can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Read how this remarkable Home Beauty Treatment makes your skin finer, smoother, prettier, in a few days

A smooth, soft, well-cared-for skin makes every face young-looking and attractive. You can make your skin look really lovely with this widely-used home beauty treatment. It's the kind of skin care you could spend pounds on at exclusive beauty salons, but so easy now to do yourself in your own home.

What you do is give yourself a luxurious beauty facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. This entirely new kind of preparation will open your eyes to the natural beauty that lies hidden in your skin. The important new feature of Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes right into your skin. No elaborate massage is needed; scientific tests show that the skin soaks up 87% more Skin Deep Facial than the average face cream! Skin Deep Facial carries deep into the skin the vital things it needs to keep young-looking.

Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck every night at bed-time. It takes only a minute or so. Skin Deep Facial is so nice to use, because it disappears into the skin quickly and doesn't leave a greasy layer on the surface. And so refreshing! All the tiredness and tautness leaves your skin at once.

Regular nightly facials bring about quite exciting improvements in your skin within a



few days! All signs of roughness, coarseness or patchiness soften away; poor colour and lack of tone in the skin quickly improve. Skin faults are rarely due to age, but to wind and weather, and often to tiredness and nervous strain. Every woman over twenty needs this regular beauty care to keep her skin in its naturally beautiful condition.

Start your home beauty treatment to-night. Thousands of women already use Skin Deep Facial regularly. You can get it at any chemist or store; 5/- for a large treatment-size jar.

Skin Deep
FACIAL

ATKINSONS • LONDON

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MATCHLESS XMAS GIFTS

Arlington

LIGHTERS

AVAILABLE IN 7 MODELS

Chrome Plated Models: STANDARD 36/-, SLIM 36/-, STORM 44/-, PIPE 47/-, TABLE 54/- ★ Gold Plated Models: STANDARD 78/-, SLIM 78/-

Arlington **ARISTOCRAT OF LIGHTERS**
★ A FLICK... A FLASH... A FLAME!

Lovely as a

dream

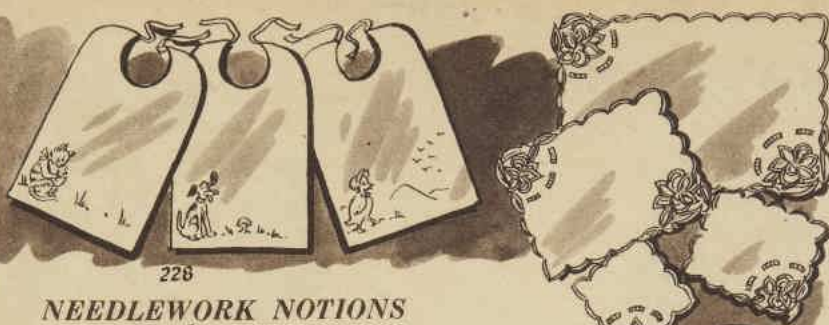


Alluringly feminine and perfectly cut and finished, these lovely new *Hanro* undies give you feather-light freedom for hot summery days. They're wonderfully serviceable, and launder beautifully, too, never losing their figure-flattering lines and delicate shades. Always ask for *Hanro* lingerie at your favourite store.



HC3

Nationally advertised and sold by leading stores throughout Australia



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 227—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK, BOLERO, AND SUN-BONNET

This frock, bolero, and sun-bonnet set is cut out ready to sew, and clear, simple instructions are given for the making of each garment. The material is a "Springline" cambric on a white ground with a small flower design in pink and blue.

Sizes: Length 18in., 2 yrs.; frock 6 1/2, bolero 3 1/2, bonnet 2 1/2; complete set, 12/6. Length 19in., 3 yrs.; frock 7 1/2, bolero 3 1/2, bonnet 3 1/2; complete set, 13/6. Length 20in., 4 yrs.; frock 8 1/2, bolero 3 1/2, bonnet 3 1/2; complete set, 14/6. Length 21in., 5-8 yrs.; frock 9 1/2, bolero 4 1/2, bonnet 3 1/2; complete set, 15/6. Postage: Frock, 10yd. extra. Bolero, 3yd. extra. Bonnet, 3yd. extra. Complete set, 1/3 extra. Regd.

No. 228—FEEDERS

This useful set of three feeders, measuring 8in. x 11in., is traced ready to embroider on white huckaback. When embroidery is completed, turn up a narrow hem and machine, then attach tapes at the back. Price 9d. each. Postage, 15d. extra. Set of three, 2/-. Postage, 35d. extra.

No. 229—WATERLILY LUNCHEON SET. This delightful luncheon set is traced ready to embroider on heavy cream linen, also on sheer linen in shades of lemon, white, pale

blue, pink, and green, and on a fine cotton in pale pink, green, blue, and lemon. The entire set measures 11 x 17in., plate mats 11 x 11in., cup and saucer mats 5 x 5in., and serviettes 11 x 11in. Price: 8-piece set, comprising 1 centre, 4 plate, 4 cup and saucer mats; linen 14/11, cotton 10/11. Regd. postage, 5/6 extra. 12-piece set, comprising 1 centre, 5 plate, 6 cup and saucer mats; linen 18/11, cotton 11/6. Regd. postage, 1/3 extra. Serviettes to match: Linen 1/2 each, cotton 10d. each. Postage, 25d. extra.

No. 230—LITTLE BOY'S SUIT AND SOUTHWESTER

A peter-pan collar and smart yoke are features of this boy's suit. It is cut out ready to make and full instructions are included. The material is the ever-wearing creasing in green, mid-grey, and sage-blue. Sizes: Length 18in., 2 yrs.; suit 7 1/2, sou'wester 3 1/2; complete set, 10/6. Length 19in., 3 yrs.; suit 7 1/2, sou'wester 4 1/2; complete set, 11/6. Length 20in., 4 yrs.; suit 8 1/2, sou'wester 4 1/2; complete set, 12/6. Length 21in., 5-8 yrs.; suit 9 1/2, sou'wester 4 1/2; complete set, 13/6. Postage: Suit, 10yd. extra. Regd. sou'wester, 3yd. extra. Complete set, 1/1 extra. Regd.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 229, 230, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5774. — Sun-frock with prettily draped bodice and matching bolero. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price 2/8.

F5775. — Button-on house-dress with frilly trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5776. — Small girl's one-piece with contrast for collar and cuffs. Sizes 20, 23, and 27in. lengths for 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. contrast. Price 1/8.

F5777. — Smartly styled one-piece has flattering bust-line. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material and 2 yds. ribbon. Price 1/11.

F5778. — A tailored two-piece pyjama suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price 2/4.

F5779. — Simple daytime dress with swallow-wing collar and contrast bands for interest. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. 36in. contrast. Price 1/11.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 46.



Camilutone

with the S.R.S. Beauty Treatment

For Lovelier Hair
Individually Yours

SHAMPOO

First step is your individual colour Camilutone Shampoo. Vitamin-charged, Camilutone cleanses and invigorates both hair and scalp without harsh drying action.

RINSE

with the Tonsine hair-colour rinse supplied in every packet of Camilutone. Tonsine brings light and life to your hair and by subtly defining its natural colour gives enhanced hair loveliness. Extra packets of Tonsine in your individual shade also available.

SET

with Lustraset — day-long loveliness for your hair with this beautifier and setting cream. Lustraset leaves a silken sheen, makes brilliantness unnecessary.

Camilutone

Individual Hair Treatment For
Lovelier Hair
At Chemists, Stores, Ladies' Hairdressers.

REFRESHING

At all times, and especially in the bath, Cuticura Soap makes the skin delightfully smooth and charming. Cuticura Soap has antiseptic properties which remove all trace of roughness and soreness. One of the famous trio: Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Talcum Powder.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Simple Home Treatment.

Sufferers from superfluous hairs should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly de-vitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

"VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (Posted 6/6) from Hallam's Pty. Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; and Kirks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 57B Bendle St., Adelaide.

Asthma Curbed Quickly

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco — the prescription of a famous doctor — circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

For Asthma . . . Now 6/- and 12/-

Satin-sleek . . . the new Jantzen satin out-sleeks them all!

SATIN-SLEEK is the breath-catcher we've been planning for you. When you swim in this satin — the first swim in satin with real way stretch — you'll send Miranda to a tail-spin. No mermaid will be as sleek and shining as you.

Satin-sleek in Jantzen's "Jaunty". Lastex in Satin-sleek provides supple contour control. Five colours. 47/-.

Satin-sleek in men's trunks, too. Jantzen's newest fabric is so snugly sleek it stays close as your skin even in a dumper. Here you see it in Jantzen's "Trimmer" trunks. Six colours. Sizes 28-36, 33/-, 38-40, 41/6.

Be attractive while you're active

Jantzen



SWIM SUITS — SUNCLOTHES

Obtainable only from retail stores

